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September 24, 1960

NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Unrepresentative Government

HENRY HAZLITT

The Phenomenon of Willi Schlamm

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Young Americans for Freedom

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

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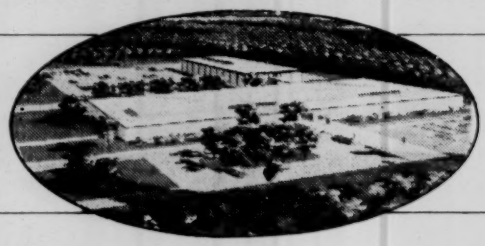

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell, James Burnham, John Chamberlain, Willmoore Kendall, Frank S. Meyer
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

ASSOCIATES
Frank Chodorov, Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: David Franke

CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, Colm Brogan, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Joan Didion, Medford Evans, M. Stanton Evans, Finis Farr, J. D. Futch, Henry Hazlitt, Aloise B. Heath, Hugh Kenner, James Jackson Kilpatrick, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn, J. B. Matthews, Jonathan Mitchell, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer, Maureen B. O'Reilly, William F. Rickenbacker, E. Merrill Root, Ralph de Toledano, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Charles J. McHugh
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Michael M. Mooney

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Review, Inc. at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn. (second class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn.). Copyright 1960 in the U.S.A. by National Review, Inc. All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of address and undeliverable copies should be sent to:

EDITORIAL AND CIRCULATION OFFICES
National Review
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

RATES: $15.00 a year ($8.00 for the 32-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate fortnights). The 8-page issues are available separately at $10.00 a year. In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.
The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

In This Issue . . .

→ we feature the initiation of a page of serious verse, which will appear from time to time, subject to the recommendations of NATIONAL REVIEW's Poetry Editor, Professor **Hugh Kenner** of the University of California—whose offhand judgment it is that "26 pages of solid poetry do not get written in the United States per year. Verse of a sort, it is true, is extruded like toothpaste . . . Most magazine poems are in exactly the same category as printer's ornaments, handsome embellishments on occasion if one wishes to grace one's pages with an air of amplitude, but strictly non-functional as part of the magazine's sum of meaning. . . . It is dangerous to commit ourselves to furnish a certain quantity of the stuff . . . NR has a complex continuous statement to make and the poet can help make it, contribute to it as the bull fiddle contributes to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. But Beethoven didn't schedule an appearance of the bull fiddles every 20 bars, rain or shine." All poets brave enough to try, should submit their verses to Hugh Kenner, P. O. Box 175, Goleta, California, with self-addressed, stamped envelopes. We will continue to handle doggerel and light verse in New York . . . Mr. **Henry Hazlitt,** economist, author, columnist, astronaut, writes a serious piece of political criticism, having reflected several weeks on the meaning and direction of political conventions. Among his suggestions: that Presidential conventions be allowed to register by a single secret ballot at the outset of the proceedings, who actually is the choice of the delegates for President; and that the convention take it from there . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** writes about a former editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, William S. Schlamm. Mr. Schlamm has plunged all of West Germany into a fierce debate over the past eighteen months; and though he has suffered from it, the Communists, to judge from the intensity of their vilification, have suffered more.

→ **William Buckley,** resuming "The Ivory Tower" now that the students are back at school, reviews the important founding conference of the Young Americans for Freedom, who will coordinate and give political expression to the activities of the swelling numbers of students who sit there smiling, while the professors die trying; and then go out and whoop it up for Barry Goldwater!

→ Our contributor **M. Stanton Evans** has been advanced from chief editorial writer for the *News* of Indianapolis, to editor. He is 26 years old . . . Our poet, **Charles Tomlinson,** has returned to his Gloucestershire cottage after six months' immersion in the U.S. McDowell, Obolensky brought out his sequence of poems, *Seeing in Believing*, two years ago, and an augmented edition has just been published in England by Oxford. Mr. Tomlinson is a schoolmaster, and his address, believe it or not, is 1 Brook Cottages, Ozleworth, near Wotton-Under-Edge, Gloucestershire. If you lived there, wouldn't *you* write poetry? →

The WEEK

● Last week the *New York Post*, a daily newspaper of cheesecake, racism and left-ideology, for which some very talented people write, published proudly a picture of David Rockefeller, with a smile almost as broad as brother Nelson's, handing a plaque to Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, owner of the *Post*. "A small token," said Mr. Rockefeller, "of the esteem in which we hold the *New York Post*." A good question: why on earth does Mr. Rockefeller—*or* the Chase Bank—esteem the *New York Post*? They are not socialists. Or racists. Or pacifists. So Mr. Rockefeller and the bankers must like it 'cause it's sexy. Those *dirty* old men!

● The House Committee on Un-American Activities has opened investigations of the Bernon Mitchell-William Martin defection from the National Security Agency. Mitchell admitted he was a homosexual before the NSA hired him, says Chairman Francis E. Walter, and "how he got his job in the first place, I'd like to know, and I will find out, of course." Walter revealed that one of the pair, while working for the NSA, also showed an unusual, not to say alarming, curiosity "about things that were . . . none of his business." Mr. Walter linked the defection with the immunity of intelligence agencies from congressional investigation. Mr. Walter also claims the Administration knew about the defection days before it was announced in Moscow, and by failing to warn us, "gave the Russians a great propaganda advantage."

● The statistics for school registration this autumn offer some mighty interesting reading. In total numbers, elementary and secondary public school attendance will jump to a new high of 37,600,000 —a gain of 3.8 per cent over last year. Surprisingly, however, the new total of 6,800,000 for private elementary and secondary schools represents a gain of 4.6 per cent. In default of a close analysis of the statistics, educational experts have attributed the renascence of the private school to a) the effect of the Supreme Court desegregation order on the education system of the South, b) the growth of parochial schools, and c) a growing dissatisfaction with the quality of public education in general. While we do not doubt the relevance of all of these reasons, we hope that the shift represents something deeper: *i.e.*, a revulsion in the public mind against the whole notion that the State can accomplish more for people than they can accomplish by their own voluntary action for themselves.

● The September issue of *Southern School News*, an impartial newspaper covering segregation events, shows only token compliance with the Supreme Court's school decisions. These figures emerge from the states of the Confederacy: In Arkansas, Florida, North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia, the number of Negroes receiving instruction with whites has increased this year from 446 to 702. This is seven-tenths of one per cent of the total Negro school population in these states, and represents growth at a rate of one-tenth of one per cent per year. In four states—South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi—no desegregation has taken place below the college level, and in Louisiana only a token start has been made. Texas made large initial strides toward desegregation in its western regions, which have little Negro population, but now the pace has nearly halted. Last year, 126 of the state's bi-racial school districts had been desegregated, with 3,000 Negroes attending schools with whites. Only two districts and 200 students have been added this year.

● Remington-Rand Co., now a unit of Sperry-Rand Corporation, will soon shift production of all non-electric typewriters to "a European site," as yet unnamed. Its lightweight portables have been made abroad for several years. The present typewriter plant at Elmira, N.Y., with more than 3,000 employees, will be shut down. It is generally believed that the Ford Motor Co. will manufacture its new extra-compact compact in Europe. Officials of the two unions involved (International Association of Machinists at Remington-Rand; United Automobile Workers at Ford) are fiercely protesting the bitter significance for their members. Their complaints are being echoed in government and Congress. Neither union nor political officials find it relevant to mention the wage-pushing and tax-piling policies that by their cost-raising effects make such moves economically all but inevitable.

● Proposals for federal aid to education often quote a figure of 132,000 school classrooms as the amount of the national "shortage." The figure actually bears no relation to reality, says the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, after a study of how 35 states determine their local shortages, figures on which the U.S. Office of Education relies for its own statistics. The states "use a great variety of methods to determine their own classroom shortages," says the Chamber, and "to total the results as the U.S. Office of Education does makes as much sense as adding apples and oranges." One state, for example, aims at a goal of 15 pupils per secondary school classroom (the national average is 28), and on this basis claims a classroom shortage. Some states, in arriving at estimates, simply accept the unquestioned figures of district

superintendents. Other state figures are merely projections of studies made seven or eight years ago. An unpublished report of the U.S. Bureau of the Budget also finds that it is impossible to compile a national shortage figure from state reports and reveals that some children are counted twice, once as "excess enrollment" and again as housed in "unsatisfactory facilities." The Bureau of the Budget's study covers the nine states which together report half of the putative shortage of 132,000 classrooms.

● Three Harvard professors are active in a Committee of Correspondence, whose aim is to persuade the United States to disarm. They are H. Stuart Hughes, professor of history; David Riesman, the inner-directed sociologist; and Michael Maccoby, a psychologist. (Other members include psychiatrist Erich Fromm, pacifist A. J. Muste, and Liberal dreamboat Harold Taylor.) The committee calls for "a deep-rooted, immediate and total break with the policy of military deterrence." To be sure, the Committee concedes, the result of such a policy might well mean "Soviet invasion, conquest and tyranny over the United States." But this, the educators inform us, is "within the limits of human experience."

● Inflation has once again taken its toll: the farthing, first minted in England in the year 1279, will be no more come January 1. A quarter-penny, it is a byword among the English for small quantities, and has secured immortality by figuring in the two greatest landmarks of English literature, in Shakespeare—

> Remuneration! O! That's the Latin word for three farthings.—*Love's Labor's Lost*

and in the King James Version of the Bible—

> Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.—*Matthew X, 20*

There was a time when the farthing would buy a chicken. Englishmen paid a farthing for a seat at Edward II's coronation. As late as World War I children used the coin to buy candy, but today inflation has cut its value to half what it costs to mint it. The government has declared that the 20 million farthings still in circulation will not be legal tender after this year. It is the business of Her Majesty's Mint to make money, not to lose it.•

● Earl E. T. Smith, U.S. Ambassador in Havana when Castro rose to power, and Arthur Gardner, his immediate predecessor, have given testimony to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee which shows, according to Senators James Eastland and Thomas Dodd, that "Cuba was handed to Castro and the Communists by a combination of Americans in the same way that China was handed to the Communists." State Department policy, the senators concluded, is determined by "unknown policy planners and memo makers" in positions under the Secretary of State. Both former ambassadors charged that William Wieland, as Director of the State Department's Caribbean Division, was a supporter of leftist elements in Latin America. Ambassador Smith revealed that Wieland had sent him to Herbert L. Matthews of the *New York Times* to get a briefing on Cuban affairs before assuming his ambassadorship. This was in 1957, after Matthews had written a series of articles which made "a Robin Hood" out of Castro, and compared him to Abraham Lincoln. Without waiting to make even a five-minute investigation, Secretary Herter dismissed the charges as "shocking and unfounded." He was right, we would say, the first time.

● Mr. Henry M. Bonner of New York City is outraged. The way people throw statistics around these days—sheer irresponsibility! And so he wrote to the *Wall Street Journal:* "I wish to take violent exception to the statement of Mr. Tolliver (letter, Aug. 5) that 'the voters are going to have a choice this fall of going 100 per cent socialistic with the Democrats or only 90 per cent socialistic with the Republicans.' The voters are going to have a choice this fall between going 100 per cent socialistic with the Democrats or only 85 per cent socialistic with the Republicans." That will teach Mr. Tolliver.

Against the Khrushchev Visit

Opposition to Nikita Khrushchev's visit to Manhattan Island took, and is taking, many forms, among them:

—a strong statement of protest drafted by the reactivated Committee for Freedom for All Peoples (formed a year ago to protest the Camp David visit) signed by Senators Styles Bridges, Thomas J. Dodd and Paul H. Douglas, by Representative Walter Judd and hundreds of other prominent citizens (see page 166);

—picketing in front of the Soviet UN delegation headquarters at 68th Street and Park Avenue by a group of Hungarian refugees headed by Dr. Bela Fabian;

—a motorcade down Fifth Avenue, September 18, the day Khrushchev was scheduled to arrive, organized by the Americans for Action Committee, in cooperation with Ukrainian refugee groups;

—the opening of the Seventh Session of the Assembly of Captive European Nations, across First Avenue from the United Nations Building. The ceremony to include the lowering of the flags of each of the Captive Nations to half mast as each national anthem is played in a vivid demonstration of the

Statement by the Committee for Freedom for All Peoples

(The following will appear as an open letter to Nikita Khrushchev, signed by several senators and congressmen, and a distinguished list of other citizens.)

One year ago you came to this country as a diplomatic "guest" of the United States Government. On that occasion the Committee for Freedom for All Peoples was formed to give expression to the American people's solidarity with the victims of Communist aggression. We were anxious lest your presence here, and the official rectitude with which you would be received, be interpreted as a mellowing of American hostility toward the slave system over which you preside, or as a weakening of America's resolve to restore freedom to your captives. Happily, the silence and contempt which greeted you on our streets was an emphatic reminder of America's continuing dedication to the cause of freedom for all peoples. Today you are here again, but as the guest of no one: an unwelcome intruder in our midst. You would not be permitted here at all except for the physical presence on our soil of an international body to which your regime, for its own cynical purposes, formally adhered—an organization, be it noted, to which your regime was originally admitted under fraudulent pretenses, and whose noble purposes it has systematically undermined for fifteen years.

But since you are here it is fitting that you again be reminded of the essential nature of the relationship between your regime and the American people.

We do not insist that foreign rulers with whom our Government treats, be congenial. We do, however, expect them to be civilized. We do not ask that others observe our political form, or even (much as we would like it) the underlying dependency of governors upon governed that characterizes all advanced societies. But we are least tolerant of assaults on the dignity and essential being of man, and of revolutions against the natural order. There are limits to our open-mindedness, and the monstrous perversities indulged by your regime we deem beyond the pale: they are, for us, insurmountable obstacles to normal intercourse between nations. Though our governments may find practical advantage in exchanging ministers with your regime, such is not the accreditation of legitimacy. We regard you, among the rulers of the civilized world, as a predator; your regime as a barbarism outside the international community; your revolution as total war against the human race. We consider coexistence with you, as with Communism generally, neither possible, nor honorable, nor desirable. Our real business is with your subjects with whom we share a common love of freedom, and who, with our help, mean to bury you.

So you must not expect to find here the respect civilized men accord to equals. You will be given police protection, a measure designed as much to preserve our public order as your life. It would be unseemly for any of our federal, state or local authorities to do more. They are all aware that the gross insults you hurled at our President in Paris and elsewhere were, in reality, directed at the American Nation, and all of its constituent authorities. Our private citizens will likewise ignore you. There may be some who, for publicity, or some other selfish gain—or for darker motives—will seek you out; but they will be few, and they will thereby exclude themselves from the American consensus of decency. The wishful thinking that permitted some Americans to receive you in good faith last year is no longer possible. For now at last you have managed to destroy, along with so much else, all illusions about yourself.

Mr. Khrushchev, you are kicking against the goal. Your marauding adventures will add still more to the sum of human misery before you are through; but you *will* be through.

You may inflict violence and slavery on still other nations after you have done with Cuba and the Congo; but the judgments of mankind are catching up with you.

You can still distract our attention with treacherous schemes and hollow propaganda; but none of us any longer doubts that you are a charlatan, and you bore us. The "peace" proposals with which you will regale the United Nations will deceive no one, least of all the miserable string of puppet rulers you will have dancing in your cheering section.

You still have the power you hold over a billion human beings in bondage, but in God's good time that curse, too, will be lifted.

What gives us such confidence? Simply this. We of the West *know* that the laws of nature will survive all attempts by small men to batter them down, even small men with rockets.

So begone. Allow us to hasten the end of this day that we may prepare for another. A day when freedom will shine on all nations, and the international forum will greet, in standing ovation, a true representation of the great Russian people.

fact that these nations are falsely represented in the UN;

—an appeal by blinded labor columnist Victor Riesel for all Americans to wear black armbands for the duration of the Khrushchev visit;

—a 10:00 to 10:00 (a.m. to p.m.) picket in front of the UN every day of the visit by Cuban refugees of the Democratic Revolutionary Front protesting the "enslavement of Cuba by Castro and Khrushchev";

—a hunger strike by Cuban exiles "until we drop" to be staged at the UN Plaza, starting Sept. 19;

—an appeal by the Veterans of Foreign Wars (New York Council) for five minutes of silence to coincide with Khrushchev's address to the General Assembly;

—a State Department announcement that Khrushchev and his Albanian and Hungarian puppets would be restricted to Manhattan Island;

—hundreds of letters to every newspaper and publication in the city urging that people turn their backs on Khrushchev when he drives along the streets; that they greet him with silence or jeers; that church services be held for the oppressed peoples in the captive lands; that the press ignore his presence; that all flags be flown at half mast, and even, as one correspondent of the *Daily News* suggested, that New Yorkers wear butcher's aprons this week—to make Mr. Khrushchev feel at home.

Myth Over the Congo

The version of the Congo affair that is being presented to the American public is dramatically simple. The UN officials and troops are the Good Guys. The Russians are the Bad Guys. The battle is between Good Guys and Bad Guys. The way we can get a Happy Ending is to give all-out support to the Good Guys—above all, to No. 1 GG, Dag Hammarskjold.

Now the truth is that things are not that way at all. The way the Communists view the Congo problem is like this: our job is to establish our rule over the entire world. Getting hold of the Congo is an assignment in that job. To handle this, we have got to smash the Congo's political, economic, ideological and personal ties to the West, and replace them with ties to and within our enterprise.

The first big step was to promote "independence"; *i.e.*, break the back of the political tie to the West. That formally achieved on July 1, it was then the order of the day to get rid of the Belgian troops and most of the Belgian civilians—except those who might be willing to become politically dehydrated servants; to wreck the Western economic structure; to isolate and slough off native leaders attached to the West; to manipulate those native leaders who would play along; to build up local strength in agents, arms and committed local personnel.

Besides direct operations (planes, trucks, arms, agents, technicians sent to the theater), three primary instruments were at hand for the accomplishment of these tasks: chaos, the Lumumba gang, and the UN. All three have been shrewdly and ruthlessly used by Moscow, with rapid and satisfying results.

The UN is the most massive, awkward and unwieldy of the three tools; but for these very qualities, and even more because it is not thought of *as* a tool, it is the most valuable. And Moscow understands that the way you get the UN to work for you is the old way of the peasant with a stupid, balky donkey: curse it, scream at it, beat it unmercifully. Just so, to the tune of the curses and the rattle of the blows from the peasant-tongued Khrushchev and his UN spokesman—but never, note, a Security Council veto—the UN has been carrying out the Communist program. Openly under their own banner the Communists could not have done these things; acting directly, they would have provoked direct opposition. But the UN acts under the mask of peace, law, order

and neutrality, and is thus not merely unopposed but wholeheartedly backed by the anti-Communist powers.

As its first prime assignment, the UN got the Belgian troops out: absolutely essential to Moscow's plan, since the Western troops in place were the first and key basis of Western influence. (Significantly, Hammarskjold on two occasions officially condemned UN member Belgium, by name, for "refusing to carry out UN orders" fast enough; but he has never condemned the Soviet Union by name for its unilateral defiance.) Simultaneously the UN brought in other troop contingents, the majority of whom are anti-Western or actually pro-Communist nations, and none of whom is from a NATO nation. The real meaning of their composition was openly shown on Sept. 13 by the ultimatum from the contingents of Guinea, Ghana and the United Arab Republic which reopened the airfields and radio station to Lumumba. Meanwhile the NATO countries accepted the UN taboos, while the Communist bloc poured in men and equipment outside the UN structure.

Even granted the best will in the world on the part of the UN Secretariat, the UN mode of intervention could not avoid aiding Lumumba and his "central" government, hurting the "decentralists" (Tshombe, Kalonji, Kasavubu) who are potentially more friendly to the West, and keeping the gate open to the Communists. Sabena (the Belgian airline) turned half a dozen planes over for UN use. Lumumba's soldiers "confiscated" them for their flights into Kasai. Food comes (mostly from the U.S.) through UN channels. Much of it is seized by Lumumba's men and kept from his opponents. UN troops occupy the Kamina base abandoned by the Belgians (and NATO), and prevent Tshombe's men from using it or its supplies. The UN makes money (mostly U.S. money, of course) available for Lumumba to pay soldiers and civil employees. In Kasai and elsewhere, UN units (Guinean, Sudanese) have joined Lumumba troops to fight against anti-Lumumba tribesmen.

Actually, the Lumumba government would have collapsed long ago if it had not been sustained and nourished by the UN as "the government of the Congo Republic."

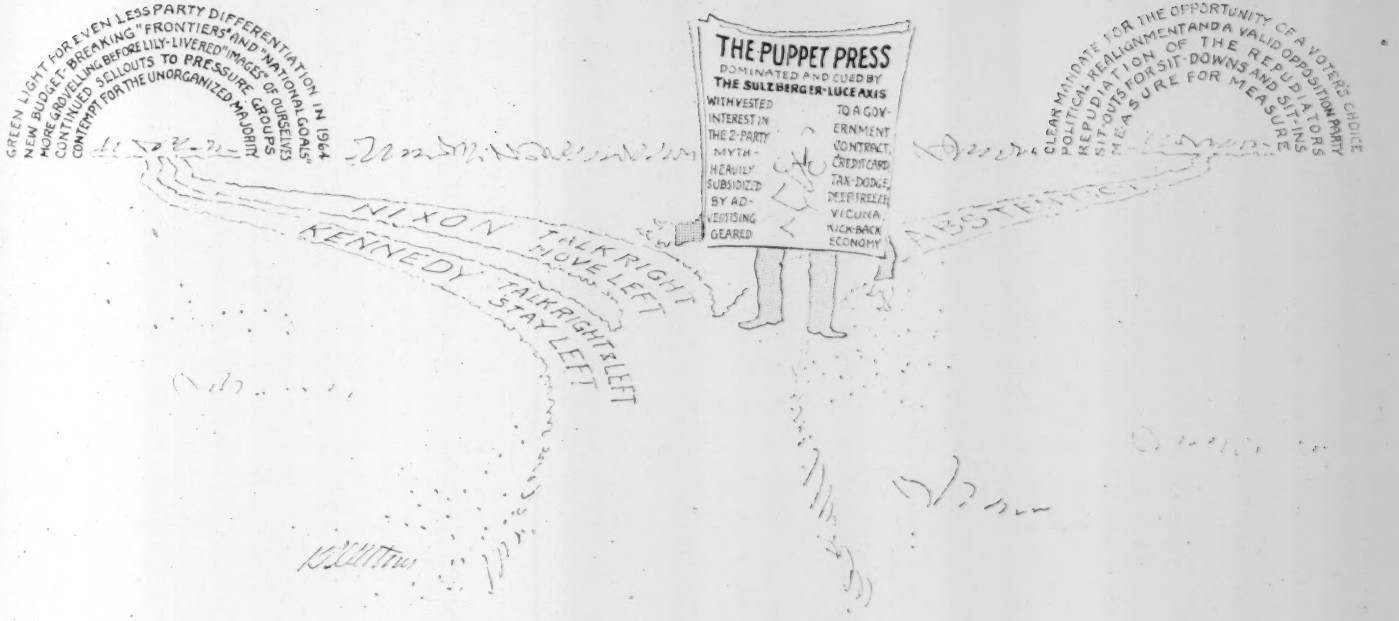
All this the Communists know very well. They do not care one way or another about either Lumumba or the UN, except as the tools convenient to the moment. They know that the decision in the Congo will follow from the relative power of the forces brought to bear on and in that theater, not by UN votes and speeches. The more of their job they can terrorize the UN into doing for them, the easier for them. When they have exhausted the UN's utility, they will ignore it or cast it aside.

Meanwhile, their enemies, self-entangled in the UN procedures, and bemused by the shadow-boxing of UN vs. USSR, are effectively diverted from the only moves that might forestall a Western defeat: moves, that is, that would throw in enough of the West's own power to control the strategic balance.

A Little Positive Thought for Norman Peale

Mr. Bozell devotes his column (see page 171) to four addleheaded propositions which underlie much of the nonsense being spoken or whispered about Senator Kennedy and his religion. We add a fifth: the notion that the Best Man is the man who can be counted on to act exclusively on his own judgments; to rely on his own subjective reason; to consult and depend upon his own little store of knowledge.

NATIONAL REVIEW has from the beginning maintained the undesirability of Senator Kennedy's becoming President of the United States. In the age of Communism we do not want as leader of the West a man who speaks in such faltering accents about the Soviet menace; a man whose instinct was to apologize to Nikita Khrushchev when the national honor was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MEASURE FOR MEASURE
NIXON TALK RIGHT MOVE LEFT
KENNEDY TALK RIGHT & LEFT STAY LEFT

"As you can plainly see, there are only two possible courses open to us: Nixon or Kennedy!"

at stake. In an age when the machine, the bureaucracy and mass-culture threaten to dehumanize life, we do not want a man who seeks to accelerate the tendencies toward centralization; whose understanding of the intricate predicament of the individual is as mechanical and inhuman as his close adviser's, John Kenneth Galbraith. We do not want, in an age when heroic leadership is required, a man who will submit so passively to the presumptuous demands of a Walter Reuther; whose Brave New Frontier is symbolized by his call for a protective tariff for New England.

Mr. Kennedy is a disappointment and a serious threat, but not, as Dr. Norman Vincent Peale so recklessly suggests, because he is a Catholic. Dr. Peale and his associated Citizens for Religious Freedom suggest that Mr. Kennedy as a practising Catholic cannot successfully resist pressures by the Vatican to end religious freedom. Any man who knows something about the constitution of the Catholic Church and about the practical limits of the Vatican's authority—and everyone should know more than Dr. Peale, before speaking out loud on the subject—will be satisfied that such a contingency as Dr. Peale and his friends feign to fear, is as unlikely as a surrender to the Soviet Union by President Nixon, responding to pacifist influence upon him of his fellow Quakers; or the abuse of the American Constitution by Felix Frankfurter for the benefit of the Zionists.

The Catholic Church claims to speak authoritatively on matters of religion and morals. Where the moral law and the civil law conflict, the Catholic will distinguish the authority of Caesar, and, in the pluralist society, concede the right of others to proceed with reference to their own moral concepts. If Dr. Peale is going to suggest that because Pius IX opposed the separation of church and state, Senator Kennedy is bound to do so, let him also suggest that Charles de Gaulle, Konrad Adenauer, Giovanni Gronchi and the numerous Catholic presidents of Latin American countries are all violating their obligations as Catholics by presiding over and maintaining republics in which the civil government and the church are separate, and where there is no pressure whatever for union of the two. Either they are, the whole lot of them, bad Catholics; or Dr. Peale does not know what he is talking about.

We stress that the implicit suggestion of Dr. Peale and other pope-hunters, both more and less intelligent than Dr. Peale, is that we want as President the self-sufficient Autonomous Man, who makes all his own rules. God save us from the event. Most of us are guided prescriptively—by tradition, by habits of mind, and conscience and morals: by rules fashioned by others. So are the Catholics, but they listen and heed a teaching authority in matters of faith and morals. We doubt very much if the average Catholic politician is as slavish a follower of *Osservatore Romano* as the average Protestant—or for that matter Catholic—politician is of the *New York Times*. Catholics are totally free to reject political asides that issue from Vatican spokesmen; and they exercise that freedom far more often than, say, Adlai Stevenson exercises *his* freedom to disagree with Walter Lippmann. Catholic journals from coast to coast in America disagree vigorously and even acidly with one another on more points of practical political consequence than divide the average caucus of the Demo-

For the Record

Confusion on High: Sept. 6, the State Department secretly informs the governments of West Germany, France, Italy and Great Britain that Eisenhower will not meet Khrushchev in New York; Sept. 7, Eisenhower says he will be in New York on Sept. 20 (when Nikita is there); Sept. 11, Nixon tells a TV audience Eisenhower might meet with Khrushchev "under certain circumstances." . . . De Gaulle adamant in his refusal to head French delegation to UN, but diplomatic sources say Macmillan–despite public statements – would like to go to New York. . . . This may be in works: a Soviet threat to boycott the United Nations if it doesn't get major concessions from General Assembly. . . . The man who hired defectors Martin and Mitchell for National Security Agency committed suicide some time ago.

Anti-Communist sources in Uruguay say Dominicans were indeed responsible for attempted assassination of President Betancourt of Venezuela (for which Trujillo was punished by OAS). But, these sources say, the Dominicans were exiles and probably in Castro's employ. . . . Employees of recently-nationalized shoe factories in Cuba told their wages will be cut 25 to 32 per cent. . . . Castro agents reportedly trying to buy 10 million pounds of dynamite in U.S. for use in underground political action in other Latin American countries.

Ghana Parliament, after 75-minute debate, passed law a) requiring all workers in industrial concerns to join unions and b) banning all strikes. . . Radio Moscow broadcasts to Africa now include course of instruction in Russian language.

Nixon's office barraged with mail urging the Vice President to announce J. Edgar Hoover will be his Attorney General if he's elected. . . . Conservative forces within leftist National Student Association, which met last week, reported stronger this year than anytime in history. . . . One economy-conscious political group suggesting to its followers that they write their congressmen as follows: "I ask that you please do not do anything more for me from Washington; I simply can't afford it."

cratic Party. Where there is presumptive compliance is on articulated matters of faith and morals, and Dr. Peale has not suggested a single pronouncement on morals by the Catholic Church whose acceptance by communicant Kennedy would endanger Dr. Peale's health or serenity, or that of the United States.

Testing

News from Hollywood is that producers are currently approaching blacklisted writers and asking them to offer statements that they are not Communists. In return for a denial that a man is not *now* a Communist, a job with full screen credits may follow.

The Hollywood motive is economic: the producers are more than ever in need of good screen writers. But the producers also have their economic fears that the American public may continue to take the advice of the American Legion and boycott films in which proscribed leftists have had a hand. The test will come when *Spartacus* and *Exodus*, written by Dalton Trumbo, and *Inherit the Wind*, written by Nedrick Young, are offered to the movie-going public this autumn. If these pictures go over, the move to rehabilitate writers who were originally blacklisted because of their refusal to cooperate with the House Committee on Un-American Activities will undoubtedly snowball.

The action of the producers poses a ticklish question. Blacklists are always distasteful things; and nobody can decently refuse employment to a man who has sincerely repented of adherence to the American Communist Party. But the true lover of freedom will recall that the Hollywood leftists were originally blacklisted not because they had been Communists in the past, but because they refused to cooperate with the House Committee on Un-American Activities in explaining their old—and perhaps still current—associations. In short, they were blacklisted because they were unwilling to submit the question of repentance to the test of sincerity.

Hence the mere writing of a letter stating that one is not *now* a Communist is hardly enough. The Hollywood producers should demand that a blacklisted writer seeking re-employment express a willingness to cooperate with any and all authorized government agencies that are seeking light on the Communist conspiracy to bring an end to freedom in America. There is no reason that *we* can see why Hollywood should be exempted from the moral requirement to oppose with all legitimate weapons the enemy in our midst. If the universities and colleges are opposed to hiring Communists—as they have been since the college manifesto of 1945—so too, one would think, should be RKO and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

National Trends

The Catholic Issue

L. BRENT BOZELL

There is reason to wonder whether U. S. thought leaders have the remotest familiarity with the society and people for whom they purport to speak. Having been assured some months ago that they had "grown up" since 1928, and shed their religious biases, Americans woke up last week to find not only that the old coat was still in the wardrobe, but that it was being worn out in public with a brazenness that would have been considered indecent three decades ago. That was not all. Having made all the wrong guesses about how the country would react to a Catholic's candidacy for the Presidency, the guardians of the nation's mores and morals then proceeded, in the aftermath of last week's explosion, to give all the wrong advice on how to keep the issue within rational bounds.

The addleheaded propositions to which the country has been subjected recently number, roughly, four:

1. *Since Americans have learned to be tolerant of each other's faiths, a Presidential candidate's religion will be regarded as irrelevant to the campaign.* By whom would it be so regarded? By the voters, presumably—by both Catholics and Protestants, the great majority of whom would be concentrating on the "real" issues.

We need not say whether the voting patterns in the primaries reflected a conscious awareness of the issue. For this particular piety was definitively blown out of the window by the considered proclamations of two groups of respected Protestant leaders, the *ad hoc* "Citizens for Religious Freedom" headed by Dr. Peale, and "Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State." These were not the alarums of hate literature or the whispered smear, but theoretical protests. Thus, the opposition to a Catholic President, though probably not representative of the Protestant clergy, took institutional form—a significant departure from the experience of 1928.

The reasons were several: the many misconceptions concerning the Catholic Church's relationship with its communicants (as witness the two Protestant statements) have not been erased by the years. The reason some Protestants chose to haul their misgivings out into the open probably goes much deeper. Paradoxically, it was those pieties about the "irrelevance" of religion that helped bring the issue to the surface. The gradual transformation of the U.S. from a Protestant to a religiously pluralistic society, together with the unwritten ban on objecting to that development, have created among many Protestants a fear of "creeping Catholicism," and, at present, called up the instinct of self-preservation.

2. *Since religious beliefs will be regarded as irrelevant, the election will not seriously be affected by them.* This supposes that U.S. voters are in the habit of ignoring irrelevancies. It would be hard to produce the voter who will admit that his choice is influenced by the cut of Kennedy's hair or the pitch of Nixon's nose, but they probably number in the millions. The thought of Catholics and Protestants marching to the polls with their prejudices dutifully left behind in the "irrelevancy" drawer is, simply, fatuous.

3. *Regardless of what actually develops, religion "should" be regarded as irrelevant.* Here is another of our thought leaders' failures to make appropriate distinctions—in this case between the aspects of a man's faith that are relevant, and those that are not. The proper test is whether the distinctive beliefs and moral teachings of the Catholic Church are material to the political issues about which a Catholic President might have to make up his mind. Birth control might be such an issue on the (very slim) possibility that in the next eight years Congress will propose foreign exportation of contraceptive advice. But it is hard to think of any others. There is the additional possibility, however, of the insights into a candidate's character that might be gained from his acceptance of a particular view of Man and Man's relation to the universe. Such insights may be small, and they may not distinguish him from his opponent, but the average voter has very little to go on in measuring the real worth of a candidate. The failure to make these distinctions has amounted to an open invitation to *irrational* prejudice on the part of those who know that blanket insistence on irrelevancy is nonsense, but who do not know much more.

4. *The way to stamp out bias is to denounce it, and proclaim the essential sameness of the churches.* This was the uniform reaction to the Protestants' statements. First a group of Rabbis spoke out, then a group of Protestants and Jews, then another of just Protestants and Catholics: Down with "bigotry" and "discrimination," up with "equality" and "brotherhood." No one saw fit to acknowledge the differences among the faiths and to try to impart to the public an informed, dispassionate understanding of them. The failure was general, but three parties-in-interest seemed to bear a special responsibility for it. Informed Protestants seemed obliged to explode prevailing myths about the Church's power to enforce its dominant social and political views on dissident members—concretely, the suggestion that Catholic politicians are subject to "pressures" to which members of other faiths are immune; and also to lay to rest such grotesque inaccuracies as the Peale group's assertion that the Catholic Church "has specifically repudiated" the principle that "every man shall be free to follow the dictates of his conscience in religious matters." The Catholic hierarchy, for its part, owed the country a frank discussion of its special views on the church-state issue—concretely, an acknowledgement of theologians' differences on the subject. Finally, the Democratic candidate could produce salutary consequences for all concerned by spending less of his time dissociating himself from his Church, and more of it explaining those teachings and practices that give concern.

THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

The Young Americans for Freedom

A new organization was born last week and just possibly it will influence the political future of this country, as why should it not, considering that its membership is young, intelligent, articulate and determined, its principles enduring, its aim to translate these principles into political action in a world which has lost its moorings and is looking about for them desperately?

One wonders why an organized conservative political youth movement was not begun before, so naturally does it fit, now that it is on the scene, and so plain is the need for it. It could be that the nonexistence of such an organization ten years ago is fortunate, for it might have piled on the rocks. It is only in the last decade that American conservatism has been freed from the exclusive hold which the narrow dogmas of vested business interests had upon it. The National Association of Manufacturers is a splendid organization that has accomplished a great deal of good; but it is wrong to suppose that it was ever equipped to generate a *Weltanschauung* which could galvanize the intellectual, creative and moral energies of students who had been indoctrinated over thirty years by their teachers to believe that conservatism was merely a highbrow word for the profit system—that there was nothing in conservatism beyond the vaults of the Chase National Bank.

The Young Americans for Freedom have the benefit of perspectives which ten years ago could only have been intuited. In ten years much has happened. History proved the irrelevance of Liberal doctrine. The critique of Liberalism has been made, if not definitively, at least sufficiently; and it is a total critique. The word "conservatism" is accepted both by Russell Kirk and Frank Meyer as designating their distinct but complementary, even symbiotic positions. In the last ten years more important books have been written than there is time here to catalogue, books of journalistic, philosophical, economic, historical and cultural import—all of them concentrically pointing an accusing finger at the tottering idols of Liberalism. The great renewal of the last decade is reflected in the nuances in the Young Americans' statement of first principles, which is reproduced on the next page. Here is mention of the moral aspect of freedom; of transcendent values; of the nature of man. All this together with a tough-as-nails statement of political and economic convictions which Richard Nixon couldn't read aloud without fainting.

The students were called to the founding conference in Sharon, Connecticut, by Douglas Caddy, until recently a student at Georgetown University, now with the McGraw-Edison Committee for Public Affairs in New York. Ninety students turned up from 24 states, representing 44 colleges. The age limits for members were set in the original draft of the by-laws at between 16 and 28; but the conference overruled the committee and with a low bow to the achievements of geriatrics, moved the old age limit up to 35, and made at least this bystander feel young again. Caddy was elected National Director, and all inquiries should be addressed to him at 343 Lexington Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Enclose a dollar bill, if you want to help with the cost of setting the organization up. Robert Schuchman of the Yale Law School is chairman. There are six regional directors. In the Northeast it is Walter McLaughlin Jr. of the Harvard Law School. For the Central Atlantic states, Robert Harley of Georgetown University. For the South, George Gaines of Tulane University. For the West, Dick Noble of Stanford University. For the Southwest, Jim Kolbe of Northwestern University, and for the Midwest, Robert Croll, also of Northwestern University. The twelve members of the Board of Directors are David Franke (New School for Social Research), Richard Cowan (Yale), Tom Colvin (Davidson), Carol Dawson (Washington, D. C.), Carl McIntire (Shelton), Bill Madden (Holy Cross), William Schulz (Antioch), James Abstine (Indiana), Howard Phillips (Harvard), Scott Stanley Jr. (University of Kansas Law School), Lee Edwards (press assistant to Senator John Marshall Butler) and Herbert Kohler (Knox).

What will the Young Americans for Freedom do? What did the Young Socialists do? What do the Students for Industrial Democracy do? The American Youth for Democracy? The Students for Democratic Action? The Left never lacked for things to do; neither does the Right. Every chapter of YAFF in every college will shape a program rooted in the principal concerns of its own campus; except that no one will be accepted as a member who does not endorse the Sharon Statement. There will be annual meetings. Perhaps they will find the funds to publish a newsletter. They will have the help of the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, a non-political organization whose aim it is to advance an understanding of freedom at the college level.

But what is so striking in the students who met at Sharon is their appetite for power. Ten years ago the struggle seemed so long, so endless, even, that we did not even dream of victory. Even now the world continues to go left, but all over the land dumbfounded professors are remarking the extraordinary revival of hard conservative sentiment in the student bodies. It was Goldwater, not Nixon or Eisenhower, who was the hero of the bright and dominant youth forces at the Chicago Convention. It is quixotic to say that they or their elders have seized the reins of history. But the difference in psychological attitude is tremendous. They talk about *affecting* history; we have talked about *educating* people to want to affect history. It may be that, as Russell Kirk keeps reminding us, the Struggle Availeth. No one would doubt it who talked to the founding fathers of the Young Americans for Freedom.

The Sharon Statement

Adopted by the Young Americans for Freedom
in conference at Sharon, Conn., September 9-11, 1960

IN THIS TIME of moral and political crisis, it is the responsibility of the youth of America to affirm certain eternal truths.

We, as young conservatives, believe:

That foremost among the transcendent values is the individual's use of his God-given free will, whence derives his right to be free from the restrictions of arbitrary force;

That liberty is indivisible, and that political freedom cannot long exist without economic freedom;

That the purposes of government are to protect these freedoms through the preservation of internal order, the provision of national defense, and the administration of justice;

That when government ventures beyond these rightful functions, it accumulates power which tends to diminish order and liberty;

That the Constitution of the United States is the best arrangement yet devised for empowering government to fulfill its proper role, while restraining it from the concentration and abuse of power;

That the genius of the Constitution—the division of powers—is summed up in the clause which reserves primacy to the several states, or to the people, in those spheres not specifically delegated to the Federal Government;

That the market economy, allocating resources by the free play of supply and demand, is the single economic system compatible with the requirements of personal freedom and constitutional government, and that it is at the same time the most productive supplier of human needs;

That when government interferes with the work of the market economy, it tends to reduce the moral and physical strength of the nation; that when it takes from one man to bestow on another, it diminishes the incentive of the first, the integrity of the second, and the moral autonomy of both;

That we will be free only so long as the national sovereignty of the United States is secure; that history shows periods of freedom are rare, and can exist only when free citizens concertedly defend their rights against all enemies;

That the forces of international Communism are, at present, the greatest single threat to these liberties;

That the United States should stress victory over, rather than coexistence with, this menace; and

That American foreign policy must be judged by this criterion: does it serve the just interests of the United States?

Unrepresentative Government

An astute critic has a look at post-Constitutional political conventions, and asks, Why? His proposals are bold—and feasible.

HENRY HAZLITT

Today millions of conservative voters feel themselves in effect disfranchised, unable to vote with much enthusiasm for either Presidential candidate, finding in neither party's platform even an approximate expression of their own political philosophy, reduced to a choice of the lesser evil. How has such a situation come about? Is there something in our existing political machinery that chronically tends to bring it about?

Let us look at what has already happened, and at what is likely to happen, in the present election.

It used to be regarded as a basic political principle that the office should seek the man, not the man the office. That principle seems to have been completely forgotten. The only persons now seriously considered for the Presidency are those who have the presumption to consider themselves uniquely qualified for it, and who openly and persistently seek it. Our primaries, where they exist, not only encourage this, but virtually make anything else impossible. If a candidate is not compelled to file for them, he must usually give his explicit consent for others to do it for him.

The voters are reduced to a choice between those who file. Two extreme left-wingers of the Democratic Party run against each other in two states, and the victor, who is the less extreme but also has much more money to pour in, is thereupon acclaimed the Democratic Party's choice.

The game is to capture the most delegates in advance. The convention, so far from being a deliberate assembly to adopt a sincere statement of principles and to choose a candidate whom the delegates individually consider to be the best qualified for the Presidency, becomes something between a rally and a carnival, a glorified bingo game in which both individuals and state delegations attempt, not to decide who is best qualified, but to be among the first to pick the winner, in the hope of later patronage or other favors. The moment any man seems likely in the end to get a majority, he is almost certain to get not only a majority, but practical unanimity, and to get it on the first ballot. The outcome therefore tends to become a foregone conclusion before the convention even meets.

Putting the conventions on television only intensifies all these tendencies. No split within the party must be audible or visible to the television audience. It might be too damaging in the election. There must be no conflict, no "floor fight." There must be a show of complete harmony and unanimity.

The result is that all deals and all serious discussion take place outside the convention hall, in corridors, bars or little rooms never shown on the screen. There is no airing of the issues within either party, no serious debate.

Primaries in States

Some commentators, revolted by the circus atmosphere of the conventions, have recommended as the cure party primaries in all the states. But it seems probable that these would merely compound the problem. A clearcut decision can be made in each state and party only as between two candidates. How would these two candidates be chosen? In pre-primaries? What guarantee would there be that each candidate would represent a different substantial faction of the party, instead of both representing the same faction, like Kennedy and Humphrey?

Again, each candidate would have to be, in effect, self-appointed as such. He would have to have plenty of funds, either from his own pocket or the pockets of rich backers, to wage an effective primary campaign.

The only sort of primaries that would escape these defects would be those in which there were no announced candidates, but in which each voter would be entitled to write in the names, say, of his own first, second and third choice. The direct results would no doubt be sometimes inconclusive; and we might have to allow the delegates to the party convention to use the results merely as a guide. It would be a guide that they would neither wish nor dare to ignore. The machinery of such merely advisory primaries in all the states, however, might be thought too expensive and elaborate for the sometimes inconclusive results achieved.

In any case, the real reform needed would be much simpler. This would be to let the individual convention delegates enjoy, at least at some preliminary stage, the secrecy of the ballot that almost all democracies today rightly grant to the individual citizen to protect him against intimidation.

If the first ballot cast at a nominating convention were secret, and the individual delegate allowed to vote for his own real first choice, the result, when announced, would provide valuable information not only for the country but for the delegates themselves. If no candidate got a clear majority on the first secret ballot, perhaps a second secret ballot could be taken which would allow individual delegates to name their second and third choices as well. From these results the convention would probably get a clear idea concerning who its most acceptable compromise candidate was likely to be. It could then proceed to formal nominations and to official open balloting before the result was made final.

As it is, as a result of our exist-

ing convention system, the Presidential candidate today of each major party is a man who has been openly running for the office for at least three years. The Democratic Party is normally to the left of the Republican Party. But each candidate this year has taken a position on major issues much to the left of his own party—thus in effect disfranchising most conservative voters.

The voters are being addressed as if they were all members of separate and disparate groups without common interests. There are appeals directed to the Negro vote, the Catholic vote, the anti-Catholic vote, the farm vote, the labor vote, the old-age-security vote. Nobody is supposed to vote as an American, concerned primarily for the peace and security of his country and the solvency of his government.

Curiously enough, there is almost no appeal to the taxpayer vote. Everybody is supposed to believe that he can live, or at least get some free benefit, at the expense of everybody else.

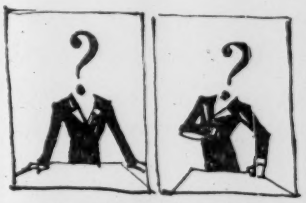
And if any problem is found to exist anywhere, it is invariably treated as if it cannot be solved unless an all-wise federal government "assumes responsibility" and steps in and solves it.

Electoral College Mischief

Part of the election problem, of course, is created by our Electoral College system, an institution that has not at all worked as the Founding Fathers hoped and expected. If 50.1 per cent of the popular vote of a state goes to Candidate A, and 49.9 per cent to Candidate B, all the votes of that state, including those for Candidate B, are counted for Candidate A and against B.

The mischief resulting from this is of long standing. It has meant that the nominating conventions choose their Presidential candidates only from "doubtful" states—that is, only from those states in which Democratic and Republican votes are chronically close to each other. If the best qualified man happens to come from the wrong state, the chances of his even being considered for the Presidency are nil. That is why Senator Byrd of Virginia, who for years has been the best qualified man for the Presidency in either party, has never been seriously discussed for that office by professional politicians.

But apart from narrowing the range of personal choice, the present Electoral College system has worked great mischief in other ways. It has made it practically impossible for the voter to cast a write-in protest vote in this election—for example, for Senator Goldwater—that would be counted. And it has grossly perverted the selection and discussion of issues. Today, when the chief real issues are how to combat the Communist threat, how to halt inflation and how to curb paralyzing labor union power, we find the candidates chiefly talking about "civil rights" (a problem which never had less real urgency in this country than it has today, and which has been steadily solving itself). When our real farm problem is how to get



Candidates A and B

rid of wasteful and expensive farm surpluses, both parties propose higher price supports and subsidies that can only increase the expense and the waste. The appeal of both parties is to small minorities in each state, whose vote is supposed to be pivotal for that state, and who are supposed to vote simply for their own pocketbooks.

Perhaps the appeal to self-seeking minorities could never be entirely obviated. But the situation could surely be immensely improved if the vote in the Electoral College (if that institution is retained) were counted by congressional districts rather than by states. Such a reform would also assure much more often than now the election of a President and a Congress in harmony with each other.

A few minor reforms could also make our Congress at once more responsible and more responsive to the popular will. The election of House members might be reformed on lines similar to that of Senators. Instead of a whole House elected for only two years, individual members might be elected for four years each, with only one-fourth of the House being elected each year. This would give Washington a chance to test the temper of public sentiment each year. At the same time it would allow the individual congressional member to acquire more experience; it would result in more continuity of policy, instead of violent reversals; and it would leave most members of the House free from election hysteria each year.

Still another salutary change would be abolition of the Constitutional requirement that any representative or senator must be a resident of the state from which he is elected. This would permit a wider range of choice for the voters in each state or congressional district. The services of a Knowland, for example, would not be lost to the country simply because he might happen to be defeated in his own state. The present restriction, by arbitrarily narrowing the local voters' freedom of choice, has lowered the average quality of our senators and representatives and increased the power of local bosses or pressure groups. It is peculiar to American politics. Many British cabinet members and even prime ministers have been elected from other districts than those in which they happened to reside.

Some of the reforms suggested here could be made by a simple change of law or even of mere practice; others would require Constitutional amendments. Conservatives in general tend to oppose nearly all changes in the Constitution; but I think this attitude is mistaken. Centralists, statists, and leftists generally have not hesitated to exploit it. They have argued that the process of amending the Constitution is so cumbersome and time-consuming that we cannot wait for it, and anyhow, we can do anything we want by "interpretation," particularly by the Supreme Court.

As a result, the post-New-Deal Court has constantly attributed powers to the central government not granted by the Constitution, has ignored the very existence of the Ninth and Tenth Amendments, and has dismissed even the doctrine that we should be guided by "the plain meaning of plain words" as "vicious oversimplification." (The words are Mr. Justice Frankfurter's.) The consequence has been that the basic safe-

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guards in the Constitution against the extension and encroachments of federal power have been dissolved and vaporized by interpretation, whereas the *machinery* prescribed in the Constitution, even where it has become obsolete or an actual obstruction to good government, has been retained. We have ignored the living spirit but usually held fast to the dead letter.

It is true that what ultimately counts for good government is a sound and healthy public opinion, and that we should not overestimate the extent of the reform that can be achieved by mere improvements in political machinery or institutions. But it is an equal mistake to treat political machinery and institutions as if they were of negligible importance, and not worth improving. While even the best political institutions cannot assure good government where public opinion on social and economic issues is uninformed or corrupted, bad political institutions can not only fail to effectuate a sound public opinion, but can tend to make public opinion itself sodden and inert.

Most of the political and electoral evils that I have been discussing have long been acknowledged by many commentators. They are most vividly recognized during a Presidential election campaign. But too often the commentator ends by some airy remark to the effect that these are the necessary "price" we must pay for "democracy." Most of them are not necessary, but adventitious. Their removal would not carry us further from the true ideals of democracy, but closer to them.

True democracy is not to be defined in terms of mob-rule. It is a system in which the government reflects the will of the people in such a way that it can be promptly and peaceably changed whenever it ceases to reflect that will. Democracy is a means rather than an end. The ends are good government, sound policies, internal peace, and freedom under law. A true democracy, wherever a people are fit for self-government, will tend to achieve these ends. When they are not being realized, it is a sign that there is probably something wrong with some of the creaking machinery that has been arbitrarily identified with democracy.

The Phenomenon of Willi Schlamm

The witchhunters of the German Left finally got Mr. Schlamm—but not before he had awakened German youth to the dangers of coexistence.

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

A curious and rather interesting episode has now come to a close in Germany—the "crusade" of Mr. William S. Schlamm, a former editor of NATIONAL REVIEW. The *Affaire Schlamm* while over, is not without deep significance as it threw a sudden, glaring light upon mass sentiments in general and the less known recesses of the German soul in particular.

To the dispassionate observer from outside not much seems to have happened—nothing warranting the extraordinary excitement caused by Schlamm's book, the articles about him, his speeches, and the resulting libel suits filed by this noted and undoubtedly very gifted journalist. His background (which has been used—very much *ad hominem*—as an argument against him by many of his opponents) is neither unique nor disconcerting. He was born an Austrian of Jewish extraction and, as a young man, joined the Communist Party which, however, soon disillusioned him. He then went to America and, like many others, sincerely embraced conservative views. He became an American citizen, worked for the Luce publications and, after having left them, helped to found NATIONAL REVIEW. He wrote a brilliant book on postwar Germany which was a huge success over here. (*Die Grenzen des Wunders* [*Germany and the East-West Crisis*] sold more than 100,000 copies, a fantastic sale in Europe).

Finally he did an unusual thing: he began to lecture all over Germany. Lecturing is *not* a career on the Continent. He spoke and acted as a violent defender of all occidental values. He called for an uncompromising stand toward Communism and advocated preventive war *if and when* it should become evident that an attack from the Soviet Union was imminent—a proposition which immediately brought upon him the epithet of an irresponsible "warmonger."

His debut bordered on the phenomenal since he possesses not only a brilliant style and a facile pen, but also a gift of oratory to which the Germans, by and large, are not accustomed. (This is one of the reasons why a real "Southerner," an Austrian like Adolf Hitler, in spite of a certain inner softness and pliability, was able to win over such masses of Germans and to put the Prussian General Staff neatly into his pocket). One has only to visit the *Bundestag* in Bonn and watch the deputies reading their statements sometimes from notes, but more usually from a prepared text, to realize that oratory is not a "must" in German politics. Yet it was not rhetoric alone which took Mr. Schlamm's audiences by surprise but the various techniques which distinguish a good speaker in the United States: the ability to handle a hostile audience, to think on one's feet, to confuse a heckler during a discussion, to produce a good wisecrack at the right moment, to have the laughers on one's side.

He Did the Unpardonable

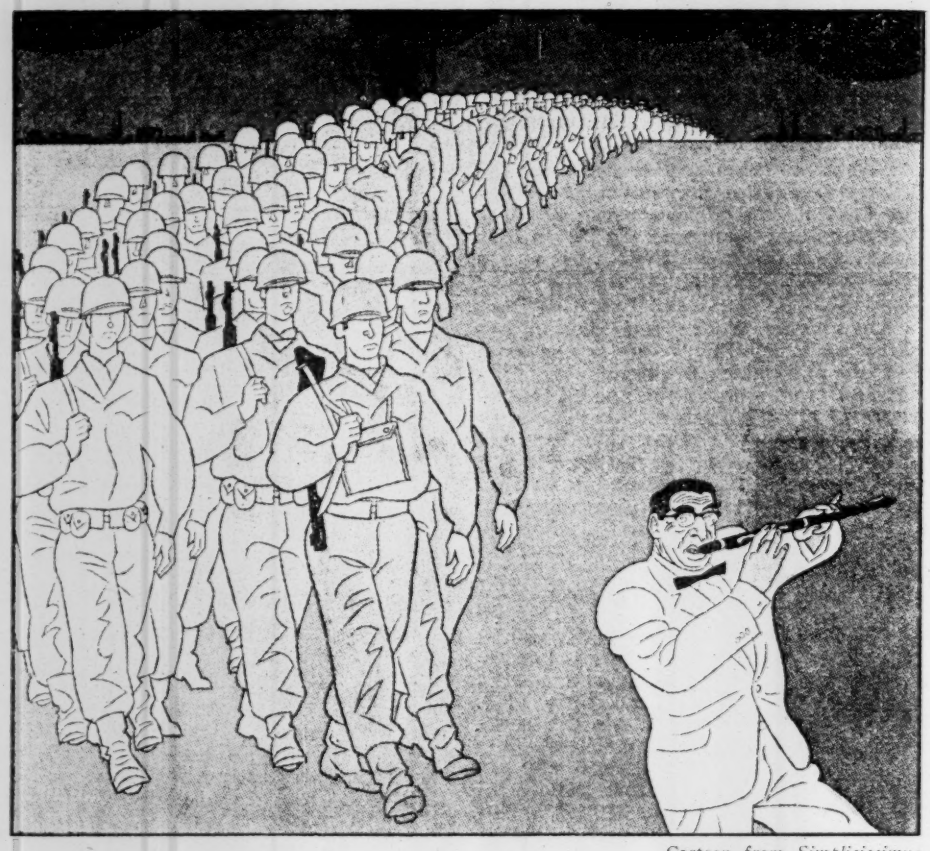
And so Mr. Schlamm made his way, first with the help of his best-seller which opened to him certain doors, then on the meteoric success of his first successful speeches and addresses—in university auditoriums and classrooms, in lecture halls and beer gardens, in theaters and clubrooms. His hosts, in general, were Christian-Democratic and conservative leagues, but he was also invited by a number of leftist groups on the lookout for a controversial speaker, and by neutral organizations interested primarily in a name.

The rise of William S. Schlamm was the great political event in Germany early in 1960. He found a tremendous and totally unexpected echo among the young, the university students (the most dynamic element from Calais to Tokyo), but he also evoked a wave of resentment, if not of downright hatred, coming from several interconnected quarters: the Socialists, the left-inspired "homeless" German intelligentsia, and a large sector of the press which furiously demanded his scalp. Schlamm had, indeed, done the unpardonable: he had critically analyzed the foundations of the postwar German press, as established by American Occupation forces in their first, ultra-leftist phase.

Many of the big German dailies received their *Lizenz* (publication permit) from leftist German *émigrés* holding high positions in the American military government during the 1945-47 period, many of them bankrupt derelicts of the Weimar Republic. Herr Friedmann, of the powerful *Sueddeutsche Zeitung*, violently critical of the Adenauer regime (and recently given a suspended sentence for abusing young girls in his charge), is a typical product of that fateful period. Many of these European leftists, helped into the saddle by the American Occupation, proceeded then to prove their "independence" by repudiating their benefactors, and, partly out of leftist convictions, showed a limitless ingratitude. (Herr Freidmann's share in the *Sueddeutsche Zeitung* is reportedly worth between four and five million dollars, all accruing from the fact that he is the original holder of the *Lizenz*.) It is for these reasons that the "official" German intellectual and journalistic life and the realities of German public opinion do not jibe. The tenor of the conversations one overhears in street cars and coffeehouses is certainly not reflected in the editorial columns.

The question has been asked, did Mr. Schlamm receive moral or even financial aid from the Bonn govern-

ment? He probably got no financial help for the very simple reason that such a successful man certainly did not need it. The moral aid he received was much more evident in the beginning than in the end. He aired many of the views held by the more uncompromising and conservative wing of the CDU-CSU, which does not mean that these particular views ought to be discussed in public; in many cases to do so was—for internal and external reasons—highly "undiplomatic." When, therefore, it became evident that excessive moderation was, and is, not one of Mr. Schlamm's besetting virtues and the opposition in the Bundestag produced violent protests and interpellations, the Federal Government began to dissociate itself from his declarations and even from his person. Both State Secretary van Scherpenberg, in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and Foreign Minister von Brentano disclaimed any responsibility for Mr. Schlamm's position. Yet his initial success and the very nature of his stand were sufficient to draw the ire of the Holy Illiberal Inquisition (German version) and its executioners soon started gunning for Schlamm in the most astounding manner.



Cartoon from *Simplicissimus*

A German magazine depicts Schlamm with the caption: " . . . The Germans followed him, and he led them against the East. They never came back."

Two-Pronged Attack

The very influential weekly *Der Spiegel* (which outwardly closely resembles *Time*, but in content and tendency is a Winchellesque synthesis of the *Police Gazette*, the *New York Post*, with just a dash of *Playboy*) spearheaded the campaign against the "Austro-American."

It was a two-pronged attack. William S. Schlamm (with constant allusions to his name which, in German, means "mud") was accused of being "just another Austrian" (a reference to Hitler), an "alien" renovator of German nationalism thirsting for revenge, a hired crusader ready to sacrifice the flower of German youth to his mad ambitions; at the same time Schlamm's enemies were not sparing of highly nationalistic and even racist arguments. *Der Spiegel* dedicated an entire issue to William Schlamm and filled it with cleverly snapped, rather demagogic-looking pictures of the arch-enemy; it looked and read almost like a copy of Julius Streicher's *Der Stuermer* (the anti-Semitic weekly of the Nazi era which relied so heavily on pictures and caricatures to drive home its racist propaganda). The chief editor of *Der Spiegel*, Herr Augstein, in his editorial introduction said plainly that Mr. Schlamm was cashing in on his Jewish background in a country which has been guilty of frightful anti-Semitism in the past. "If Schlamm, in the terminology of the Third Reich, were not a 'non-Aryan,' one would have prevented him from speaking publicly," Herr Augstein screamed with the usual leftist passion for totalitarian police measures. "I wish I were a Jew so I could 'get at him.'" (Indeed, the Yiddish headline as well as the content of the Schlamm-exposé in *Der Spiegel* illustrated the well-known saying that one has only to scratch a leftist to find a Nazi.)

Lecture tours and newspaper campaigns are, by their very nature, of limited duration; and so it was that Mr. Schlamm, who despite a flair for publicity and great oratorical gifts is, nevertheless, a difficult man to get along with, suddenly found that his crusade had petered out. It is one thing to stir up the younger generation, to affect even the older one—and another to leave a lasting mark. His success and his failure—we must speak of both—are due to his own personality more than to extraneous factors. Too often he was carried away by his own enthusiasm, his lack of proportion and of a true sense of diplomacy: certain things in the touchy and sensitive (or, if you prefer, unheroic and cowardly) German ambiance are better left unsaid or unhinted at.

The French are used to calling a spade a spade. In Germany (or Austria) frankness creates a sense of envy and jealousy—not of admiration. These are truths Mr. Schlamm should have included in his calculations. The German likes mediocrity in his political oratory. Neither the literarily perfect, sybilline oracles of a de Gaulle, nor the volcanic explosions of a Bernanos can be found in "respectable" German political oratory or literature—the former distinguishes the university professor, the latter the demagogue.

Still, William S. Schlamm had done yeoman work in waking up many Germans even before the Summit bubble burst. It sometimes takes an outsider, a foreigner, to dot the i's and cross the t's. Bismarck, almost a century ago, made the famous remark that the Germans are lacking in *Zivilcourage*. Since the days of the Iron Chancellor the situation has deteriorated considerably, because there are few people, few families left, who do not have an actual or potential skeleton in their closets. The Weimar Republic discriminated against monarchists; the Nazis, against monarchists, democrats, Christians, Jews and Communists; the Allies—in their first phase—bore down on all conservatives, on Nazis and Catholics. The Federal Republic is persecuting Nazis and Communists. No wonder that a generation of ideological Milquetoasts is growing up with either a real horror of all political commitments or a tendency to accept a colorless middle-of-the-road position and to use the mealy-mouthed words of coexistence while dreaming of a Germany reunited in Peace and Freedom (an illusion recently debunked with great insight and force in the pages of *Christ und Welt* by Winfried Martini).

Response of Youth

The value of the Schlamm crusade lay precisely in the fact that here was, at long last, a man who knew the Communist world; who, by conviction and conversion (and not by mere upbringing and thoughtless repetition of clichés imbibed through family and school), made a fervid appeal for courage and clearer vision. It was the reaction of young Germans to the words of *der Demagoge Schlamm* which dismayed and frightened the Left.

We wonder whether the Bonn Government—meaning the CDU-CSU—has learned a lesson from this short-lived crusade, a lesson which, at first glance, is not so very obvious. The critics of William Schlamm, who practically called him another Hitler, were right in their analogy. Only they should have referred to the audiences, not to the speaker. The response Mr. Schlamm evoked from the younger generation was one which German intellectuals of the Left (now even more bitterly discredited than before because of the failure of the Summit) could never hope to get. Here the tragedy of the rootless, ivory-tower intelligentsia of the Weimar Republic is re-enacted.

"Nobody in Germany, since the days of Hitler and Goebbels, has been able to use the stimulants of national mass hysteria as brazenly and cleverly as Schlamm," *Der Spiegel* complained, in an open display of envy. "The tough men of the Socialist Party and the German Reich [neo-Nazi] Party have never even reached the level of ordinary Nazi district orators. The Agitprop secretaries of the Communists have been grinding their monotonous dogma mills without the slightest echo." There is some truth to this. While other ideologists had failed, William S. Schlamm had succeeded in winning over completely hostile audiences—sometimes within the first ten minutes.

All of which shows the extent of the German vacuum which is probably even greater today than in the time of the Weimar Republic. The symbols, the structure, the whole *mystique* of the Federal Republic are too weak to fill and to satisfy the hearts and minds of the rising generation. It is in such context that one has to understand the otherwise unintelligible, now twice-repeated appeal of Chancellor Adenauer to Germans to cultivate a *national* feeling. Such sentiments are valuable in view of the coming Federation of Europe—*l'Europe des patries*, to quote de Gaulle—if all roots, loyalties, and necessary attachments are not to be lost. Adenauer sees clearly the danger of an impasse, a historical passage during which time the feeling for a United Europe will not yet have matured but national sentiments would be in full decay. No society, no state, no organization can survive without genuine loyalties, be they of a rational or irrational nature. Always essential for the common good is a spirit of sacrifice, which can only be born of enthusiasm, of deep affection.

The German Void

Thus, unable to invoke the historical bond uniting generations—here the discontinuity, unfortunately, is painfully apparent—Chancellor Adenauer appealed to a sentiment which most Europeans now view quite critically. The choice, on the other hand, is limited. The young soldier, called upon to defend the West, must be driven by something higher (or more emotional) than some sort of enlightened self-interest—as for instance, by the fear that a Communist victory would render government bonds unredeemable or that the shares of the Volkswagen Works would be declared null and void. Thus nationalism in the ethnic sense (as we always understand it here) must be cultivated as a transitory measure.

It is a pity that Mr. Schlamm could not do more than suggest the extent of the void, that he was able solely to show the potentialities slumbering in young Germans (whom many thought to be able merely to indulge in the grosser forms of materialism). What he did was to demonstrate to all and sundry that the new, somewhat leftist conformity of a few, the groping towards a neo-Nazism of another few, and the lethargy of a great many, are not permanent phenomena. And although Mr. Schlamm's lectures are at a standstill (no one seems to know even if he is still in Germany) and no word about him is breathed throughout the land, he jolted the Germans in a healthy way. And for this he should receive credit. Besides, he also gave us a more concrete notion of the effectiveness of the intellectual Left, their ability to organize a witch hunt and to hunt down a disturbing "foreigner."

For all these services, he should be thanked.

Query to Our Negotiators

Must we freemen wait
While you cogitate,
Splitting atoms, infinitives,
hairs,
Till affairs of State
Deteriorate
To merely a state of affairs?

CORINNA MARSH

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Teaching Teachers Something

For nearly a generation, most teachers in this land have been compelled to suffer under the doctrinaires of the teachers' colleges and departments of education. The worst aspect of this domination has been the insistence of the educationists that all prospective teachers must enroll in interminable courses in child psychology, tests and methods, and the rest. The amount of time left for instructing future teachers in genuine intellectual disciplines has been small —though even that remaining time has been coveted by some of the professors of pedagogy.

At last, however, we may hope for a substantial reform. In response to complaints from the public, California's state board of education, for instance, has outlined a planned restoration of "subject-matter" instruction for teachers, with a corresponding reduction of courses in pedagogy. The California superintendent of public instruction proposes to set uniform tests for all Californian students—which would tend to make poor schools toe the mark, and ought to be adopted in every state. As a United Press dispatch from California puts it, "Every major policy decision announced here in recent months has, without exception, represented a victory for the scholars over the 'social adjusters.'"

No such reform is in immediate prospect in my state of Michigan: indeed, the friends of intellectual discipline have had their work cut out for them, these past few years, to prevent the educationists from increasing the number of hours in "education" required of prospective teachers. But the scholars are making themselves heard, even within the teachers' colleges and the educational associations.

A few weeks ago I took to task, in this page, Dr. George G. Mallinson, dean of the school of graduate studies at Western Michigan University. Dean Mallinson, a reputable scientist, had been reported in a signed article in the *Detroit News* of January 9 as saying some silly things to the Michigan Commission on Teacher Education and Professional Standards. Mr. Mallinson subsequently complained to the *Detroit News* that he had been misquoted and misrepresented, and made a similar remonstrance to me. He has sent me a copy of the address which he delivered; and I find it to have been a sensible speech, calculated to accomplish some good. I offer him my apologies for accepting as accurate the reports of his talk which appeared in the *News*.

According to the *News*' account, Dr. Mallinson "disputed the importance of subject" and "recommended that only half the prospective teacher's undergraduate work be devoted to subject matter in the areas in which he will teach." But the real import of Dean Mallinson's remarks was that subject-matter is truly important. "No person in his sound mind would place a child in the hands of a swimming teacher who knew little or nothing of the facts or skills of swimming," he said. "The same would be true for driver education. However, in both of these cases the tangible factor of loss of life and limb would be the fruits of failure. With chemistry, the fruits would be less violent but certainly no more desirable."

The particular content of subject-matter is ephemeral, Dr. Mallinson suggested, drawing his examples chiefly from the physical and natural sciences. (He might have done well, however, to add that as poetic truth is more enduring than scientific truth, so the subject-matter of courses in literature and history, say, changes comparatively little.) He recommended that about half of a prospective teacher's academic credits should be in subject-matter courses concerned with the areas in which a candidate intends to teach; and of the remaining half of a prospective teacher's courses, some two-thirds should be allocated to basic studies, the liberal arts, and the like. This would leave about seventeen per cent of a student's program for courses in methods and educational psychology—a considerable improvement, intellectually considered, over the average teacher-training scheme nowadays. As Dean Mallinson concluded, "Any advanced program for teachers devoted *solely* to pedagogy without major emphasis on subject-matter is irrevocably self-defeating."

It is good to hear such a voice from a teachers' college recently turned university, and I am somewhat puzzled at the misleading account of Dean Mallinson's speech in the *Detroit News*. Possibly the *News*' reporter, accustomed to hearing the usual praise of "understanding our wonderful boys and girls" (as against knowing anything to teach our wonderful boys and girls) at conferences of educationists, found it difficult to apprehend that Dr. Mallinson actually was saying something quite different from this educationist party-line. Some of Dr. Mallinson's colleagues in the sciences were startled and alarmed to read in the papers of what appeared to be an about-face by a well-known professor of science. They may take heart again, for Dean Mallinson declares he is a partisan of high intellectual standards.

To accomplish the integration of subject-matter instruction with pedagogical methodology which Dean Mallinson recommends, I think we would do well to abolish Education as a separate department or school in our colleges and universities. Teaching methods ought to be taught by competent professors in a particular discipline, and child psychology, so far as necesary, by the department of psychology. But such a sweeping reform would leave unemployable some thousands of professors of Education. And Senator Kennedy, I suppose, would present us with a grand scheme for rehabilitating educationists, out of the federal treasury. Well, the reform might be worth the price. Certainly it would be better to pension off the zealots of pedagogy than to endure for another generation their affronts to American intelligence and imagination.

Four Poems

CHARLES TOMLINSON

History

It is the unregarded congruence:
The boy who cries 'Bull'
Because he is leading one
Past the antique cart
Which the winter's advent
Will convert to firewood.
He does not mark it
Nor will he mark its absence—
Himself, the guardian
Of a continuity he cannot see
And—grant him means—
Would injure readily:
Admire, but not revere
This inarticulate philosopher.

The Sea and the Rock

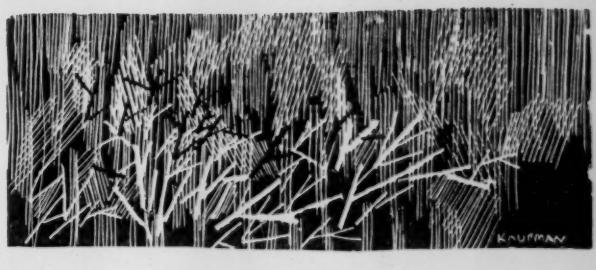
The sea, that leveller
Would have it down. Rebellion
Roars in the water now
That seethes and climbs, hisses
Against the untaken height.
Here, devils' fires
Bubble Gehenna's cauldron, then
Upend it, streaming.

Incessant on rock and shore
This bestial, bawling
Sibilance of the risen waves.
Mountain serenity, creation's
Sole giant contemporary
Stands over them, contained
In its pride of patience.

Mocked, they mass to regain,
Reclamber the granite sides
And howl their hopes
Into the teeth of stone, already torn
Turned by its backward
And the enfeebled onrush
Peters to turbid foam.

That space is small, measured
Against your waiting strength,
In which the sea must sicken
And the worn rollers, tamed
Make way for spreading calm
And, uncomplaining, steal
Downwards to lick in peace your granite heel.

(From the Russian of Fyodor Tyutchev, 1848)



The Impalpabilities

It is the sense
of things that we must include
because we do not understand them
The impalpabilities
in the marine dark
the chords
that will not resolve themselves
but hang
in an orchestral undertow
dissolving
(celeste above shifting strings)
yet where the dissolution
gathers the echoes
from an unheard voice:
and so the wood
advances before the evening takes it—
branches
tense in a light like water,
as if (on extended fingers)
supporting the cool immensity
while we meditate the strength
in the arms we no longer see.

Head Hewn with an Axe

The whittled crystal: fissured
For the invasion of shadows.

The stone book, its
Hacked leaves
Frozen in granite.

The meteorite, anatomised
By the geometer. And to what end?

To the enrichment of the alignment:
Sun against shade against sun:
That daily food, which
Were it not for such importunities
Would go untasted:

The suave block, desecrated
In six strokes. The light
Is staunching its wounds.

Old Home Week

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Since the third volume of Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.'s *The Age of Roosevelt*, separately titled *The Politics of Upheaval* (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95), is written from a point of view which I adhered to myself in the late thirties, the vision of a Max Beerbohm cartoon of the Old and the Young Self kept dancing through my mind as I read it. Judged strictly as reading matter, the Old and Young Self might agree that the volume is very good. The portraits, whether of demagogues like Father Coughlin and Huey Long or of intellectuals like Reinhold Niebuhr, are cleanly etched; the narrative flow is skillfully managed. But when it comes to dealing with Professor Schlesinger's own current opinions, the Old Self of the reviewer is confronted with the painful duty of reflecting on the shortcomings of his Young Self of former days.

As of 1939 or 1940, the reviewer's Young Self was what Schlesinger classifies as a neo- Brandeisean. *The Politics of Upheaval*, which carries the Age of Roosevelt through 1935 to the tremendous Democratic election sweep of 1936, catches the New Deal in the precise moment of its own neo-Brandeisean transformation. The centralizing policy embodied in the NRA was foundering on the reefs of America's individualistic reality, and old Justice Brandeis, with his mien of Hebraic prophet, was busy urging his disciples in Washington to push the New Deal back toward the enforcement of competition. Tugwell, the "organic" Planner, was on his way out; Corcoran and Cohen, who believed that private industry could be trusted to function on its own once it had been purged of certain dubious financial practices, were in the ascendancy. Everything seemed ripe for a return to a tradition that was acceptable as Old Democratic Party gospel in particular, and Old American gospel in general.

As the friend of Leon Henderson and Thurman Arnold, who believed in making prices competitive rather than in fixing them (Henderson was not yet an OPA-er), I felt very much at home in what Schlesinger calls the Second New Deal. Hence *The Politics of Upheaval*, which is extremely generous to the men of the Second New Deal, has for me the beguiling aspects of an Old Home Week. The nagging trouble with it (as the Old Self must captiously intervene to say) is that a home which once seemed adequate to the Young Self now seems like one of those noble mansions beloved of the Burchfield school of painting, set in the type of decaying region that is no longer susceptible of renovation. And the trouble with Schlesinger, as a chronicler, is that he is himself something of a Burchfield, in love with a past that can no longer be restored to its ancient glory.

SCHLESINGER is partial to the Second New Deal (as to all of the successive New and Fair Deals) because it preferred pragmatic "existence" to Platonic "essence." It was the Vital Center of its time, the viable compromise of the moment. Very well, let us take it as that. (I myself still think it expressed the right movement away from the "essence" of NRA, which would have imposed a Platonic absolute of business organization on us that is incompatible with the free-wheeling American temperament.)

But taking the Second New Deal as the viable existential compromise of the moment does not mean that "essences" are unimportant to "existence." What Schlesinger does not see is that "existence" (which in the human round is admittedly never an "either-or" proposition) is always in transit toward one or another extreme of "essence." The very quality of existence is inevitably governed by one's preference in "essence." If one believes in the Platonic organization of life from a central point, with a strong government doing duty for the Philosopher King, one's sense of "pragmatic experiment" in the realm of "existence" will predispose one to the NRA type of orderly coercion. But if one is really for freeing the individual to make his own judgments, one must come back to the idea that voluntary organization is always preferable, other things being equal, to any organization in which the politico (as stand-in for the Philosopher King) has a hand. In either case "essence," when multiplied by a majority, will do much to determine "existence."

As a "realist," I don't expect to see a completely voluntary organization of human affairs take over in my lifetime. But my preference in "essence"—or in ideal value—must reject Schlesinger's type of pragmatism as something too wobbly for glorification. If I happened to be for the Second New Deal in its time because it was a movement away from something that would have placed America in an economic straitjacket, I feel that in 1960 I have to be for something that promises even more freedom for this age than the Second New Deal promised for a depression period. My taste in "essence" hasn't changed, but my judgment of the human transit line toward that "essence" has shifted considerably from what it was back in 1939 and 1940, when I was expressing more or less the same view in *The American Stakes* that Schlesinger now expresses in *The Politics of Upheaval*.

Schlesinger would undoubtedly say that in a complex age we must have government allocation of energies to keep the so-called "public sector" refurbished. He does not see that men

have learned much about handling complexity on a voluntary basis since the nineteen thirties. The impulse toward cartelization has died with the realization that a good producing organization can shift its product "mix" to suit almost any market. The need for public insurance grows less and less as the scope of private insurance grows. The same is true in the matter of public vs. private conservation: once upon a time paper companies destroyed forests, but today they plant a new seedling for every old tree that gets the axe. As for the farmer, while total farm income may shrink, his per capita income remains high as fewer and fewer farmers are required to feed the cities.

There remains the need for roads, slum clearance, sanitation, parks and schools—but as any neo-Brandeisean could tell Professor Schlesinger, these are matters for local judgment. As for armaments to keep the Soviets off our necks, they are admittedly the province of Big Government, inasmuch as they involve the Power of the Border, which contains all of the fifty states of the union.

This discussion of "pragmatism" as it fluctuates between the polar "essences" of Platonic controls and individual and group freedom may not seem to have much immediate connection with the subject of Schlesinger, the historical narrator. When he is immersed in a characterization (as of Alf Landon, for example), Schlesinger can put aside his philosophical prejudices to a degree that allows him to move in sympathy with his subject. There is a subtle connection between philosophy and narrative in these pages, however: Schlesinger's view of the importance of politics always causes him to overlook vast reaches of history that do not involve the intercession of the State. As a result of this partiality, the creative side of the human individual never gets much attention in a Schlesinger book.

'The Sky's A-Going to Fall'

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

A HUNDRED YEARS ago, writing of his life at Walden pond, Thoreau observed that the purpose of his experiment was "to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world. . . ." Less than a century later it is clear that the hunter has become the hunted and that life has driven at least some men into a corner.

From the chicken yard there comes a squawking and flapping; the axe grinds on some great cosmic whetstone; and if the middle-class fowl prefer the routines of egg-laying, crowing and clucking to apocalyptic statement, so much the worse for them. "Goodness gracious me!" said Henny-Penny, "the sky's a-going to fall; I must go and tell the king." And one night the sky did fall and jackals came to live among the ruins. Henny-Penny said, "I told you so!" and was awarded the Goethe prize.

To be sure, Gottfried Benn was a lyric poet of considerable power and no Henny-Penny, but one cannot help wondering whether Benn has at this late date been translated into English (*Primal Vision, Selected Writings of Gottfried Benn,* New Directions, $4.75), because he was a poet or because he said, "The sky is a-going to fall." Whatever the reason, this edition of Benn is an exciting introduction to a near-great poet. It is a revealing autobiography told through selections from the bulk of the author's work. The man is merged indistinguishably with his work. It is a triumph of the "form" about which Benn so often and so eloquently spoke.

"Pull down, I say, Pull Down!" shouts Ezra Pound; but the nihilists of this century are not really equal to the task of demolition, and after the first lyric shock of Benn's poetry he blunts his effort in a pompous and oracular prose. Those Americans who discovered nihilism in the articulate and humane prose of Henry Adams must find Benn's prose, in spite of all its surface shimmer, introverted and tangled and strangled as the roots of a pot-bound plant. There is a lack of energy in Benn's attack; and if the sky is to fall it must fall from the shaking Nietzsche gave it, and from the erosion of humanity which the nihilists reflect rather than produce. Consequently Benn reads, not as a new direction but as a voice from the past. Benn himself confesses that after Nietzsche there was nothing more for nihilism to say.

IT WOULD be false to Benn, however, to depict him entirely in the role of the destroyer. He believed that nihilism was a great philosophical and artistic slum-clearance project which would sweep away a topheavy civilization where corruption flourished in every joint and crevice. It was only through this effort that a new and wholer man might emerge. Fifty years later we are still waiting—and it does seem disappointing that the best representative of the new species to date is Jack Kerouac.

The search goes on, and it is not to be wondered at that in the enthusiasm of 1933 Benn saw Hitler's "blond beasts" as the new men, the "new type." National Socialism was nihilism; nihilism as a system; perfected, efficient, functioning nihilism. Benn's early poem "The Cancer Ward" contains all the compacted contempt for life, the perversion of every humane and spiritual value, which was a characteristic of the concentration camp. There is a dark and ugly stain in Benn's art which no amount of formal perfection can justify. Poetry and prose alike speak too eloquently of his affinity to the Nazi viewpoint. That he was in the end broader, deeper, and more humane than the Nazis was an accident of his background. It was not Benn who disliked the Nazis but the Nazis who disliked Benn. He smelled too much of the dissecting room and the morgue; the Nazis, who liked to disguise their gas-ovens with gingerbread houses, found him decadent.

Is this to say that Benn is not justified in treating the ugliness and corruption of life? Is it to assert that false historical values and false institutions must be defended even though they have ceased to move men to faith and action? Has he not the obligation of every artist who, finding life mean, must "get the whole and genuine meanness of it and publish its meanness to the world"? An artist

has an obligation to the truth, and if the truth is tragic he cannot falsify or prettify it.

Karl Jaspers, a fellow German, has given the only answer to this dilemma when he describes the tragic world-view Benn so ably represents as, "this unloving blindness," and as a perversion "which sets free the turmoil of dark impulses." Nihilism's failure lies in the falsity of its vision. The nihilist has made the relative truth of tragic knowledge an absolute truth. When tragedy becomes "nothing but tragedy," an abyss opens before men which makes even art meaningless. Release from tragedy comes not from destruction and dissolution, but from order, justice and love.

No doubt the sky is falling. It has fallen before. It is in the wreck of things that charity, order and art find their ultimate meaning.

The Bullets and the Guns

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

"WHAT is history," scoffed Napoleon, "but a fable agreed upon?", and anyone who has noticed how a country newspaper can garble the account of a strawberry festival knows what he meant. If such commonplace events are regularly distorted in print, what chance do we have to discover the inward truth of those rare situations which, by virtue of some antecedent build-up of intolerable pressures, become the fulcrum of truly seismic forces? A French Army major is charged with espionage; a United States Senator makes a speech in West Virginia—and suddenly a whole nation is riven to its core, and huge masses of opinion wheel on the tiny pivot like armies in the field. And when it is over, the poor bedraggled facts are found to have been transmuted, by the pressure and the heat, into something quite unrecognizable.

One such event is ably analyzed in *Sacco-Vanzetti: The Murder and the Myth,* by Robert H. Montgomery (Devin-Adair, $5.00).

On April 15, 1920, a paymaster and his guard were robbed and killed by gunmen in South Braintree, Massachusetts. On May 5, two men were arrested on a streetcar between Bridgewater and Brockton, and held for interrogation. In the pocket of one (Vanzetti) was found a fully-loaded .38 caliber Harrington & Richardson revolver, identical with the missing revolver of the guard Berardelli. On the person of the other (Sacco) were found a .32 Colt automatic pistol, also fully loaded, and 23 loose bullets, six of a make so obsolete that not even the defense's experts could afterward find their like anywhere in New England—anywhere, that is, except in the body of the aforesaid Berardelli.

And so Sacco and Vanzetti were brought to trial. To be sure, there were witnesses galore—defense witnesses who stoutly furnished alibis for the defendants, and prosecution witnesses who confidently identified them as the killers. The jurors chose to believe the latter—or, more accurately, seem largely to have ignored both, and concentrated on the damning circumstantial evidence of the Berardelli revolver and the obsolete bullets. At any rate, Sacco and Vanzetti were duly convicted, and on August 23, 1927 they were executed. More than two months before their execution, an independent arms expert, Col. Calvin Goddard, using a newly perfected form of comparison microscope, formally reported "that the so-called 'fatal' bullet, being one of four from the body of one Berardelli, was fired through the Sacco pistol and could have been fired through no other."

As an old law professor of mine used to say, "Nothing there to disturb a well-ordered mind." But it was to prove not quite so simple. Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists, and Italian anarchists at that—flotsam on the great tidal wave of Italian immigration then engulfing New England. Their prosecutor, moreover, was the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, still in the slackening grip of its Brahmin aristocracy.

It was into this bone-dry kindling that Fate had tossed the hot coal of *Commonwealth* vs. *Sacco and Vanzetti.* The cause of the defendants was swiftly taken over by well-meaning civil libertarians, passionate cranks, cynical opportunists and (deadly ally!) the Communists. From a thousand printing presses there poured forth a swelling stream of propaganda; it was no longer Sacco and Vanzetti who were on trial; it was entrenched wealth—Brahminism—the old order—Anglo-Saxon "justice"! The dying hand of a Puritan oligarchy was trying to plunge a legal dagger into the hearts of two hapless, idealistic, proletarian immigrants.

Nowadays it would be harder—well, a *little* harder—to propagate such a majestic myth. We have had our innings with the Scottsboro Boys,

Books of Interest

D. H. Lawrence: The Failure and the Triumph of Art, by Eliseo Vivas (Northwestern, $4.75). From a lively, lucid mind, an exploration of how Lawrence triumphed, despite himself, in his three best novels—and, by extension, an exploration of the art of fiction.

A Number of Things, by Honor Tracy (Random House, $3.85). A light, lovely, deadly spoof of life among the hired hands of an English foundation, dedicated to bringing Culture to the Caribbean.

Up from Liberalism, by William F. Buckley Jr. (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.50). With bright, satiric edge, NR's editor-in-chief probes embarrassing moments that Liberals would like to forget, and reminds us of principles that all of us ought to remember.

When the Kissing Had to Stop, by Constantine FitzGibbon (Norton, $3.95). A quiet, terrible little novel about how England, one day to come, protest-marches itself ("Must we all die that Pentagon generals may LIVE?") right off the map.

Goodbye to a River, by John Graves (Knopf, $4.50). For anyone ever in thrall to a stretch of river—a rambling, obliquely passionate record by a man who wanted to float his piece of his river (the Brazos, in West Texas) once more before the dams came.

and the Trenton Ten (or was it Six?), and the Rosenbergs, and Morton Sobell, and we are wary. But it was a novel experience for the good people of Massachusetts in the 1920s, and the authorities responded by taking exceptional pains. No less than four separate appeals were carried to the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth; the Governor appointed a special Advisory Committee, composed of the presidents of Harvard and MIT and a judge of the Probate Court, to review the evidence and hear many witnesses afresh; the Governor himself and his counsel conducted their own investigation; and when it was all over the verdict remained: guilty as charged.

None of this, however, daunted the forces that now dominated the defense. They accused the trial judge of political prejudice, and the district attorney of suborning perjury, and the Justice Department of suppressing evidence, to mention only three of their more noteworthy and moderate allegations. They organized protest meetings in New York, and riots in Paris and Rio. But Massachusetts justice is a sturdy plant, and Sacco and Vanzetti died in the electric chair.

Say, rather, a part of them died; for their memory goes marching on. Like the Nazis' sainted street-brawler, Horst Wessel, they have been translated to the immortal realms of a socio-political mythology—in this case the dominant Liberal mythology of the Western world. Never mind the bullets; never mind the guns; Sacco and Vanzetti were railroaded for their anarchism by the frock-coated, blue-nosed hangmen of the Established Order. That is all ye know on Earth, and all ye need to know.

"The truth is great and shall prevail," wrote Coventry Patmore, "when none cares whether it prevail or not." Mr. Montgomery, a former general counsel of New England Tel & Tel, is less sanguine. "I am not young enough," he remarks in a preface, "to believe that telling the truth about the case will demolish a myth so dear to the credulous. . . . Yet the truth should be told."

He tells it painstakingly and well. Page by absorbing page, point by meticulous point, he adduces the evidence, explores the blind alleys, exposes the canards. This is a lawyerly book—direct, careful, explicit; yet it is not beyond the grasp of any layman. There is no attempt at *belles lettres*; only, here and there, a flash of dry New England wit ("The principal trouble with this account," he remarks as he prepares to demolish one affidavit, "is that it is a falsehood"). It is not too much to say that Mr. Montgomery's book will convince any open-minded person of the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti.

Fall of Titan

SIR SHANE LESLIE

OF ALL Victorian statesmen the two who died under clouds of desertion and failure—Lord Randolph Churchill and Charles Stewart Parnell—most attract the historian and fascinate the reader. The great respectabilities, who dispensed imperial and colonial power to the British world, by that world are now forgotten. Churchill and Parnell survive in settings of Greek tragedy. The final act in the Parnell drama occupies *The Fall of Parnell*, by F.S.L. Lyons (British Book Centre, $10.50). In spite of appendices and bibliography it reads like a novel by Meredith. It was Lasalle's political career and romance which fascinated Meredith and inspired *The Tragic Comedians*, his documented historical novel, which shows what he could have made of Parnell's meteoric days in the eighties until he died in the arms of Kitty O'Shea in 1891.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL: ". . . at heart he was aristocratic and respectable as any Victorian."

It was one of the great love stories of history, but it was accompanied by a political saga involving Irish and English relations as never before. With the new franchise in the eighties Parnell collected a hard and fast following of eighty votes, exactly enough to dangle office before the eyes of Liberal or Conservative parties. They both took the bait: Gladstone with an open but fatal bid of Liberal Home Rule and Viceroy Carnavon at a secret meeting in an empty London house on behalf of the Conservatives.

Parnell's character was bewildering to Irish and English alike. He remained mysterious and intractable since Cambridge days, when he preferred to rusticate rather than make his peace with Magdalene College over a minor row. An English Tory squire at heart rather than an Irish agitator, he was interested in mathematics and cricket. Parnell captained a Wicklow cricket team in days when the Anglo-Irish gentry believed that the Irish could be civilized by the Bible and the rules of the Marylebone Cricket Club. Parnell was an imperious captain. A Cambridge scorebook recorded he had once been "run out," but this was altered to "not out" in Parnell's script. In his beautiful Irish home he became County Sheriff and wore the Queen's militia uniform. He was the best-looking and haughtiest landlord in Ireland. Democracy became merely a step to dictatorship when he condescended to accept a popular seat in Parliament.

An increasing number of books describe his twelve years in which he overthrew procedure in Parliament, added "boycotting" to the dictionaries of the world, and introduced filibustering to the grave seigneurs of English politics. Admirers and critics compared him to Satan in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, a lonely, powerful character exciting the admiration of horror from sedate and settled classes. His enemies found him worthy to meet at the summits. Gladstone, at a loss for argument, sent him to prison whence he emerged victor with the Treaty of Kilmain-

ham in hand. The London *Times* attacked him with forged letters associating him with the Phoenix Park murders. Three Judges on Commission awarded Parnell £10,000 damages. The Second Home Rule Bill was approaching on a roar of triumph. There was only one poisoned dagger left and, to change the metaphor, *il faut chercher la femme.*

IT WAS well-known in the Irish Party and to the English Secret Police that there was a lady in Parnell's life—no common adventuress. She was a relation of a Lord Chancellor, sister of a Field Marshal and well-known to Gladstone, who secretly received her as Parnell's envoy. It was rather unnecessary for Gladstone to exclaim how shocked he was to observe her name in the divorce court.

We shall never know the agency which loosed the fatal charge on Parnell, but Willie O'Shea was not an innocent and injured husband. The two men had clashed ten years previously, and Kitty O'Shea had averted a duel. There were duels or at least challenges in those days, and O'Shea, I discovered in the *Devonshire Papers*, was the envoy or second whom Lord Randolph Churchill once sent to Lord Hartington. O'Shea in Parnell's case had settled for an allowance and a seat in Parliament. Parnell's absolute power alone secured him the Galway seat, though O'Shea sank on his knees to the Catholic Bishop to assure him that he was a proper candidate. O'Shea like Parnell lived in the shadows. He flighted like a tainted Mercury to Cardinal Manning and Joseph Chamberlain who once hinted he might make a State Secretary for Ireland! The unsolvable question is: when and how did Chamberlain speed O'Shea to the divorce case so many years after this deadly bolt was in his quiver? It is bitterly denied that the righteous Chamberlain could have countenanced such a blow. Still, it was mighty convenient. It killed Home Rule and baffled Gladstone.

Sir George Lewis was Parnell's solicitor; he told me fifty years ago that he could have blown O'Shea's case to smithereens purely on collusion, but Parnell insisted that the lady must be considered first. He allowed O'Shea to win his case with much unanswered derogation. For instance, O'Shea announced that Parnell had once escaped from Mrs. O'Shea's house by the fire-escape, adding in later years as a joke that there was no fire-escape there at all. Sir George told me as an instance of Parnell's evasiveness that they were once driving together in a cab in London when they happened to slow down. Suddenly Parnell slipped out and disappeared without a word. His party never knew where to find him on critical occasions.

With the divorce case began the last phase, the final agony of the drama; and here perhaps the historians lay the wrong emphasis. Parnell's violent attack on Gladstone may be laid to his pride and the fact that he had always regarded Gladstone as the "Grand Old Spider," but why he let the divorce pass by default was crystal clear. At heart he was aristocratic and respectable as any Victorian. He had yearned to make the woman he loved his wife. She had borne two children to O'Shea, and to Parnell two girls who had had to bear O'Shea's name. Anxious that a boy should be born in wedlock to carry on the name of Parnell of Avondale, Parnell submitted to any indignity in court to make Kitty O'Shea his wife. While the final elections were raging over his head and he was coursing Ireland with a deathly pallor in his face, his thought was with the woman he had married in the summer of 1891. By autumn he had lost the field, in spite of the agonized support of his dwindling followers. In October he died suddenly in the arms of the woman who shortly afterwards bore a stillborn son. The Parnell blood continued in his two daughters, one of whom married and bore a son who died in British uniform in India in 1927. But that was the end of his line.

In spite of all that has happened since—Irish risings, civil war and a crippling settlement, Parnell remains the only international Irish character in modern history. In the opinion of such Parliamentarians as Asquith, Haldane, Bryce, Randolph Churchill and Chamberlain, he remained the most remarkable because the most unsolvable contemporary.

Theater

Hepburn's Cleo-Paw-Tra

GARRY WILLS

THE WEATHER CHART of human emotions, so carefully mapped by the Method School of actors, cannot follow the quick succession of showers and sunbursts which makes Shakespeare's Cleopatra such a dazzling creation. In her, whim makes its own laws, and the energies of human life and mystery are revealed as through parted clouds; her pranks are apocalyptic.

Such a character is not to be found in the lairs of the Methodizers; nor among our conventional Shakespearean heroines, in the patterned archness of their Portias and Violas. If Vivien Leigh could qualify, it would be as the Hollywood Scarlett O'Hara rather than the Old Vic's Titania. No matter how many Frank Sinatras and Marilyn Monroes discredit the concept of the "star," there is in the assertive personality of a John Barrymore or a Charles Laughton some ability to blaze out or burn, which Shakespeare's roles demand. Laughton proved this again last summer, with his sublimely ludicrous portrayal of "sweet bully Bottom." He was a fool, but a great fool, as Shakespeare meant his asinine poet-lover to be. Max Reinhardt's *Midsummer Night's Dream,* with James Cagney as an equally engaging Bottom, and Mickey Rooney as Puck, showed how magically the mystic world of Hollywood can be redeemed and made a fairyland.

The Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Connecticut, which has never quite come to life, draws every season on Hollywood or the Broadway musicals; it has cast June Haver as Titania, Katharine Hepburn as Portia and Beatrice, Alfred Drake as Benedick and Iago. These, like most of the Festival's experiments, have quietly missed the mark. But this year, with larger audiences, more lavish sets and costumes than ever before, with more ballyhoo and better attention from the critics, the Festival went from mediocre to abominable. Illyria became Brighton, with Katharine Hepburn returning as Viola: fairyland was taken to Disneyland.

Yet worse to come: Robert Ryan, who has never been able to act his way through a B movie, or mouth with a modicum of intelligence the stock gangster part, pitted his mumblings against Miss Hepburn's drawl in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Miss Hepburn, in the relatively lightweight roles where she convincingly dons male costume, may be successful. (I shall never know: after seeing her Cleopatra, I tore up my tickets to *Twelfth Night*.) But as the Queen of Egypt, she makes a good Eliza Doolittle. Romping with her chums in the court; clomping around, all elbows and angularities, like a Bryn Mawr tennis champion; striking Theda Bara poses while she sleepily informed us she was Cleo-paw-tra, she made of the play a kind of *West Side Story*—not a Queen bringing down a third of the world in Antony's ruin, but a sweatered adolescent longing to inspire some neighborhood rumble. She even surpassed Ryan in her ability to grind up, disguise and muffle the effect of Shakespeare's lines. Add to this a clod in the profound role of Enobarbus, clowns in the parts of Pompey and Lepidus, and a college debater as Octavian; deaden the pace in a slow-motion film; and you have a performance of Shakespeare's play in which not one line—not one word—took wing out of the morass.

It was hard to find any pattern in this deadly assault, though such completely effective demolition must have an informing error at work behind the more aimless blundering. And, indeed, there was a central source of most of the failures. Cleopatra with her arms around her pals at court, Antony clapped on the back by Enobarbus, had nothing in them of royalty. Pompey and the triumvirate were hand-shaking politicians (only they continually grab elbows with resounding claps, in Shakespeare's Roman plays, instead of pumping hands). This was a Cleopatra without the Queen, like the modern Hamlets without the Prince. Rest easy, perturbed educationists: your compulsive democracy is being aired before the busloads of school children now shipped in to the matinees at Stratford. The glitter and mystery of a charismatic human role are diluted to a dull level of chumminess. Grab your partner's elbow, Cleo, and swing him to the right.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BETWEEN WAR AND PEACE—THE POTSDAM CONFERENCE, by Herbert Feis. (Princeton University Press, $6.50). Churchill, that famed phrasemaker, chose the code name of the 1945 Potsdam Conference: "Terminal." His meeting with Truman and Stalin, amid the ruins of Hitler's vanquished Germany, promised the triumphant end of war and the beginning of peace. This detached and scholarly study of Potsdam details the tragic connotation "Terminal" acquired; it marked the end of a declared war and the beginning of Stalin's undeclared Cold War against the despised Western democracies whose aid had insured his survival. Sharply drawn are Truman, brusque and uncertain; Churchill, alarmed yet compelled to compromise; Stalin, sure of his aims and his strength. Germany, keystone of a peaceful and united Europe, was permitted to fall halfway into the Soviet orbit, even though news of an explosion brighter than a thousand suns gave Truman unimagined power to compel Stalin's acceptance of the West's aims. The vagueness and uncertainty of those aims led Truman to believe that he had actually succeeded at Potsdam—a judgment that historian Feis suggests might have been confirmed if there had been more mutual "trust." His facts are sharp; his hindsight is somewhat fuzzy. R. WHALEN

YOU LEARN BY LIVING, by Eleanor Roosevelt (Harper, $3.95). Mrs. Roosevelt's latest book, heralded by her publishers as a "distillation" of her "life experience," will be sipped as Wisdom's nectar by her devotees. She acknowledges, however, that she failed to learn one thing in life's distillery. That was how to make President Coolidge shoot the breeze. At a dinner party she tried the A-to-Z small-talk formula ("Are you interested in the abacus?") but Mr. Coolidge silently went on stockpiling calories. What she didn't know was that he also had a formula. He passed it on to Herbert Hoover at the 1929 inauguration: "If you keep deadstill, they [White House visitors] will run down in three or four minutes. But don't even cough or smile, or they will start all over again." In the tilt of spirits, Mrs. Roosevelt's concoction simply wasn't up to 100-proof Old Vermont on the rocks.

J. G. ACKELMIRE

HE AND SHE, by Edward LeComte (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.95) is a novel confronting Liberalism and conservatism. Mr. LeComte's account of the conservative position is perspicacious—so perspicacious that one would expect him to continue by describing how it was swamped by a rootless, demoralized and corrupt proletariat. But nothing of this sort develops. With the same clarity Mr. LeComte next describes Viennese socialism. Then he stops, making no attempt to reconcile these opposed views. Neither the reader, nor the married couple who bear the action of the drama, nor, apparently, Mr. LeComte have any view of the political or moral significance of this opposition. The American husband can find no higher grounds on which to object to his Viennese wife's Liberalism than that it is not American conservatism. Both characters seem to follow blind prejudices without any of that understanding and responsibility which make men men, and not animals. Apparently this blind, undramatic, amoral and inhuman automatism in them comes from a perfect lack of religion which prevents either of them from rising to a height where they can judge Liberalism and conservatism.

J. WISNER

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To the Editor

The Coming of K.

You might be interested in knowing that several hundred New York City members of the Patrick Henry League are going to meet at UN Plaza on Monday, September 19 at 7:30 P.M., and picket vs. the arrival of K. Friends are welcome to join the demonstration.

Yonkers, N. Y. ED. J. CANAVAN

Professor Possony Replies

My statement, "In 1938, subsequent to the extermination of the old Bolsheviks, the teaching of Marxism-Leninism was all but abandoned within the Russian Communist Party," (August 13) has been taken to task by Messrs. Niemeyer and Meyer ["To the Editor," August 27 and September 10].

Present Communist practice of indoctrinating party members primarily through party histories surely indicates an approach to "ideology" different from Lenin's time. To understand this significant shift in direction, it suffices to read the titles of the classic Communist treatises and compare them with current doctrinal output. For the last 25 years, the party not only found it difficult to produce basic theoretical analyses but whenever it could not help issuing a "textbook," it invariably entrusted the task to a committee of old and politically irrelevant *apparatchiki.* Would Lenin have delegated the writing of *State and Revolution* to a consortium of third raters? This is what happened with the recently published *Foundations of Marxism-Leninism,* edited by O. V. Kuusinen, the octogenarian lone survivor of the old guard.

Of course, the Communists remain fully committed to their cause and they take care that party histories deal both with operational and ideological matters. But the utopian elements of the Communist doctrine have become more vague, abstract and formalistic; pragmatic preoccupations now tend to predominate in the writings of party leaders. A recent resolution by the central committee addressed itself to this very situation. But their exhortations, probably, will not be followed by any ideological *"lendemains qui chantent."*

Within current Communist doctrine the relationship between pragmatism and ideology has become "dialectical." The commitment to utopia has remained an immensely strong *emotion.* But Communist willingness to manipulate the non-utopian elements of their doctrine also has become extreme. The Communists remain true believers but at the same time they rule an empire and are engaged in history's most acute and risky power struggle. Their utopian emotion is forcing them into the protracted conflict and precludes abandonment of the struggle until they are victorious —or annihilated. But within this struggle, ideology inevitably must be used as a weapon.

To interpret current Communist doctrine as primarily conflict-oriented is not wishful thinking. On the contrary, utopians usually are better writers than doers. Conflict managers are more dangerous enemies than rabulistic revolutionaries. Communists are not simple pragmatists, but they are pragmatists for a cause to which they are tied by their strongest emotions. They have not lost their "souls" but possess an unprecedented ability to manipulate ideology according to the necessities and opportunities of the revolutionary battle.

Arlington, Va. STEFAN T. POSSONY

WCBS Gets Equal Time (Almost)

The implication in your August 27th editorial captioned "Let Ninety-Nine Flowers Bloom," to the effect that for programming policy reasons WCBS-TV eliminated a portion of a recent New York Forum program upon which your publisher, Mr. William A. Rusher, appeared is false.

When prior to publication Mr. Rusher advised us such an editorial might be forthcoming, Mr. T. K. Fisher, head of our Law Department, wrote you pointing out the deletion was made because WCBS-TV faced possible libel liability due to statements in the deleted portion. I personally advised you that the final decision, which was mine, was made solely for legal reasons. To withhold

the key fact of the legal-libel nature of the decision and thereby lead your readers to believe darker forces were at work is either inexcusably careless reporting or simple dishonesty.

Your comment concerning the failure to state a portion of the program was edited is true but equally misleading. You were advised this was an operational error occurring in the hectic last minute editing process (only two programs in the one-year history of New York Forum have been edited, both for libel reasons). The standard "non-edited" announcement was inadvertently left in the taped air show. We publicly acknowledged the error on the following week's program, a fact which you also knew but apparently felt justified in withholding from your readers.

FRANK SHAKESPEARE JR.
Vice President and
General Manager, WCBS-TV
New York, N. Y.

1. CBS is entitled to its own interpretation of the facts—and has known since August 2 that NR would print it. We note, however, that CBS still refuses, despite repeated invitations (herewith renewed), to indicate who libeled whom, and how. Absent such indication, we shall continue to regard the alleged danger of libel as a convenient excuse for censoring a reference to domestic Communism.

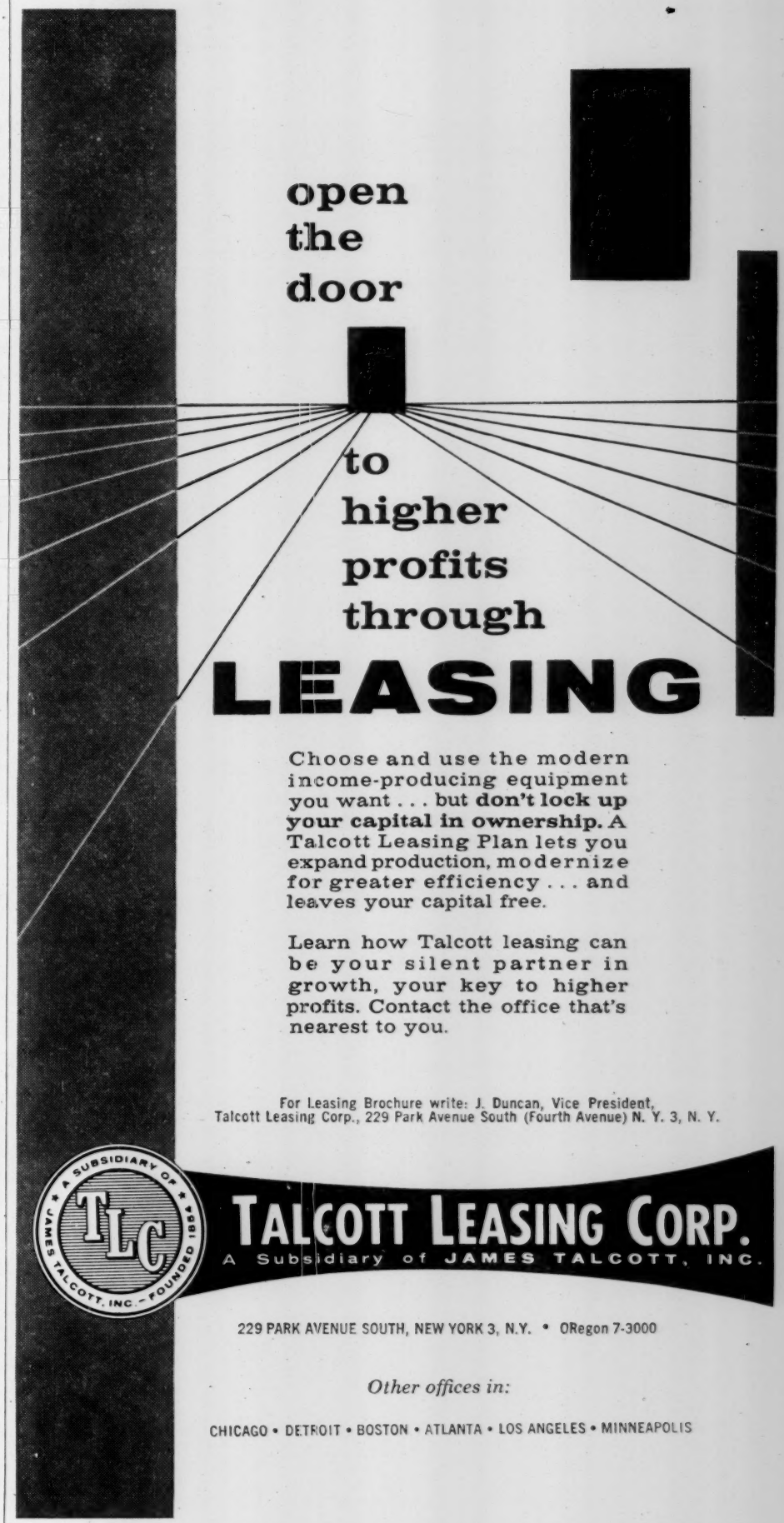
2. CBS did indeed acknowledge, a week later, its error in describing the Carey program as "unedited"—but only after, and as a result of, Mr. Rusher's warning that failure to do so would violate FCC regulations.

—ED.

Author Meets the Critic—Again

My book on Lawrence took a beating at the hands of Mr. John Chamberlain (August 27). I had expected all sorts of criticisms on such a controversial subject. And I had made up my mind not to reply to them, but to let the book speak for itself—something I am confident in the long run it will do. If I beg space to make two comments, it is because they are important aside and above the question of the theory of the book.

The first refers to Mr. Chamberlain's claim that *Lady Chatterley* is a more challenging book than Lawrence planned. The reason is that the truly terrifying thing about Clifford Chatterley is that the cosmos pays such little attention to the aspirations of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some men. I submit that Mr. Chamberlain finds in *Lady Chatterley* the problem of theodicy by first reading it into the novel. But the critic of Lawrence who is interested in what Lawrence has to say—and if he is not, he may be a critic, but not of Lawrence—must be careful not to employ him as a springboard for his own speculations. If I want to read on theodicy, I start with the book of Job, read Plotinus, perhaps, digest Saint Augustine, and proceed to other thinkers, including the much misunderstood Leibniz. The last person but one I choose to guide me on this subject is Lawrence—the last one would be a Liberal playwright who is a mediocre poet. And I would not choose Lawrence, not because he had a third rate mind—I take him to be one of the most intelligent men of his generation; but because in his conception of the cosmos and of good and evil, the problem cannot properly arise.

The second point is one as regards which I do not expect to convince any one who has not seriously considered the constitutive role that art plays in the formation of culture. However intelligent—and Mr. Chamberlain's intelligence is one for which I have great respect—such a person cannot be expected to grasp this difficult and elusive problem. Mr. Chamberlain writes: "I am sure one does not read for aesthetic satisfaction alone if one is at all curious about the human predicament." Of course not. But a critic should not read for aesthetic satisfaction, whatever that be, but for the informed substance of art. Pleasure is usually the by-product of serious and successful reading. It can be shown, however, to any one who takes the problem seriously, that only to the degree that one approaches a novel in the aesthetic mode can one discover in it what the writer has to say about the human predicament or anything else. Of course no such approach is required to find in it what one reads into it.

Mr. Chamberlain is convinced that aesthetics cannot fully occupy a lively mind. I am certain others besides myself would like to know how he arrived at his conviction without studying the subject fully, for such knowledge would enable us to dispose of a basic assumption among scholars, namely that judgments passed from the outside on a discipline are irresponsible. With such an attitude towards aesthetics Mr. Chamberlain does not see—how could he?—that the constitutive symbols in *Women in Love* are extremely complex, deep and revealingly rich in substance. They can only be dismissed as worthy of attention at the risk of failure to grasp the true meaning of our human predicament at our hour of history. The book is one of his three finest because its in-formed substance is rich and deep. I tried to formulate the aspects of our predicament revealed by Lawrence. They go way beyond the concern for genitals and mammary glands—a manner of expressing the matter that I would not choose.

I may have failed to do it. In any case, those aspects of our human predicament do not interest Mr. Chamberlain.

Wilmette, Ill. ELISEO VIVAS

Why shouldn't Lawrence's wholly unintended effects be of interest to a critic? And why shouldn't they be

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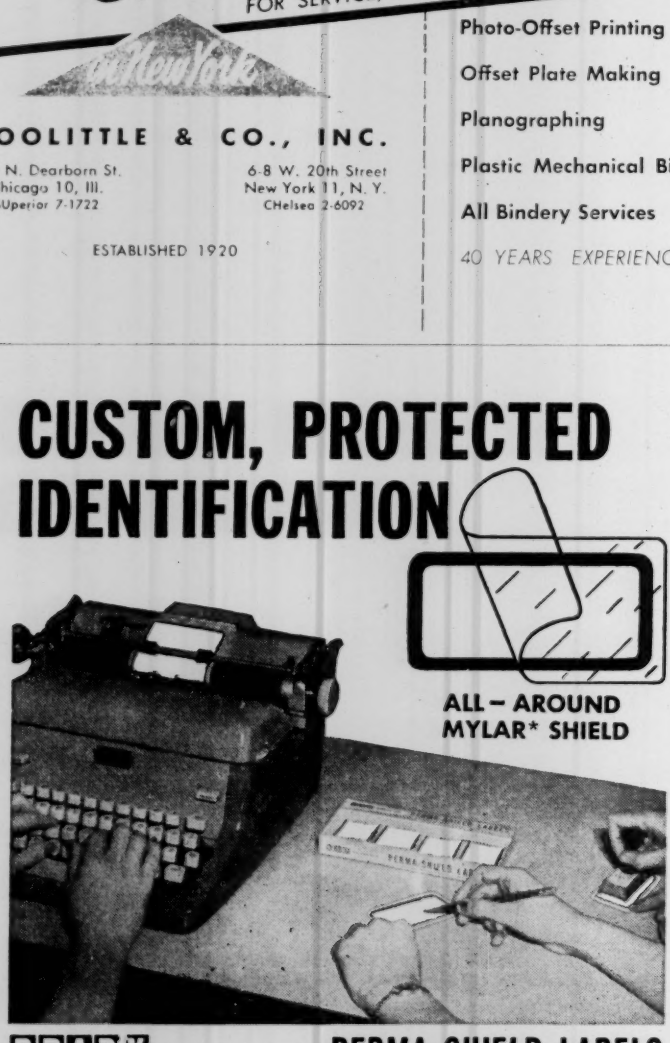

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employed as a springboard for a critic's speculations? By threading my review with such phrases as "despite the author's intention," and "Lawrence wrote a more challenging book than he himself planned," I think I indicated where everybody stands. Incidentally, I can't see that I gave Mr. Vivas' book a "beating" at all. I enjoyed it, but apparently for the wrong reasons.

Cheshire, Conn. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

A Court Without Law?

Amid all the uproar over the Connally Reservation, why doesn't somebody point out that a true World Court is impossible unless there is a previously existing body of world law for it to interpret and apply? Until then, black robes cannot hide the fact that the "judges" are essentially legislators—looking hither and yon for "law" and "finding" (i.e., proclaiming) it in the UN Declaration of Human Rights, the UN Charter, etc. In time, of course, a body of precedent will develop, and the "World Court" will be able to spend its time in more seemly fashion, merely interpreting and applying the "world law" it is now so obviously compelled to manufacture. Ultimately, by equally slow degrees, the UN Police Force will be used to enforce the mandates of the World Court. And someday, aroused by some decision that plainly violates the U.S. Constitution (deprivation of some citizen's property, for example, without jury trial), the American people will demand to know what happened to their cherished common-law "rights."

Well, children, they went thataway —when you handed yourselves over to a new and different body of law, 'way back in the Administration of President Nixon.

Chicago, Ill. A. T. BRISTOW

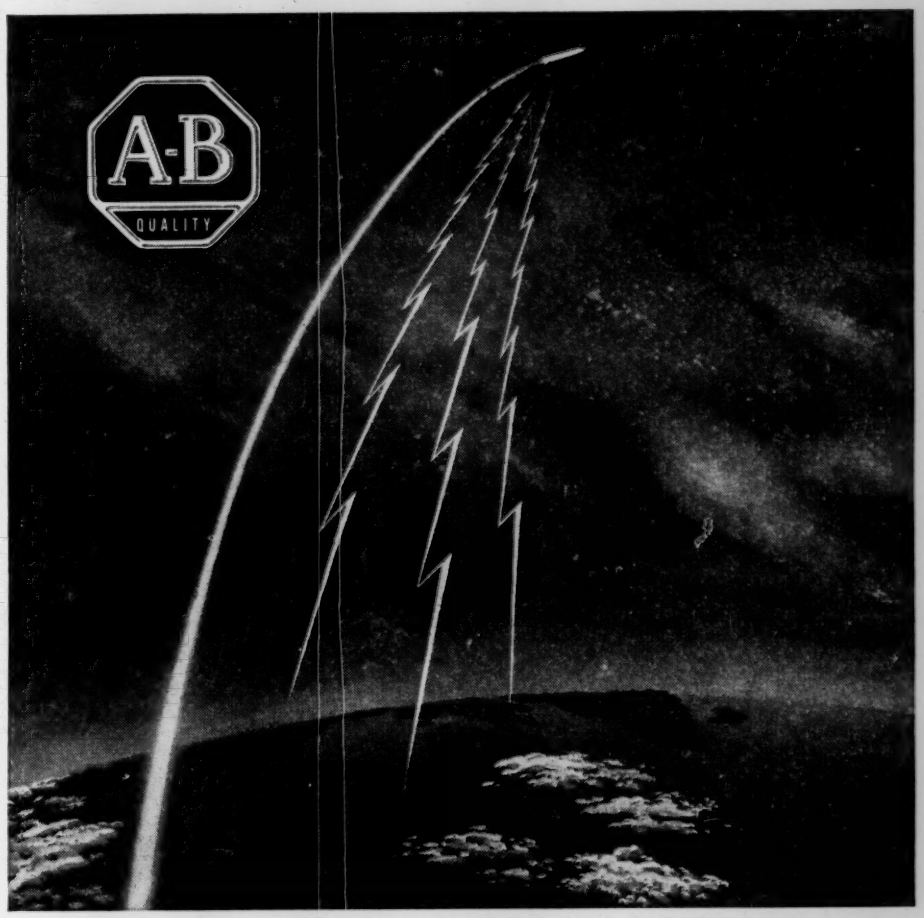
When Muses Nap

In connection with "Our Nefferves-cence" ["To the Editor," September 10] and . . . to address the heart of the matter:

My protests re humor Al Cappian
I fear have caught somebody
nappyian;
Excuses, excuses, despite all the
Muses!
At NR such things shouldn't happien!

JAMES J. BAUMGARTNER

Mountain Brook, Ala.



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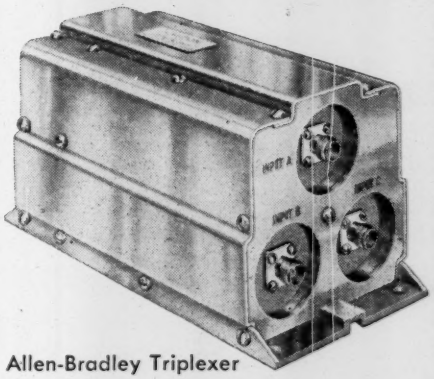
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